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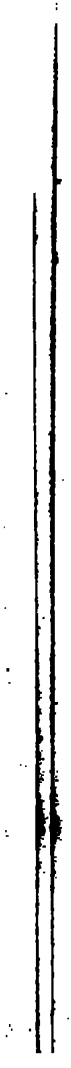

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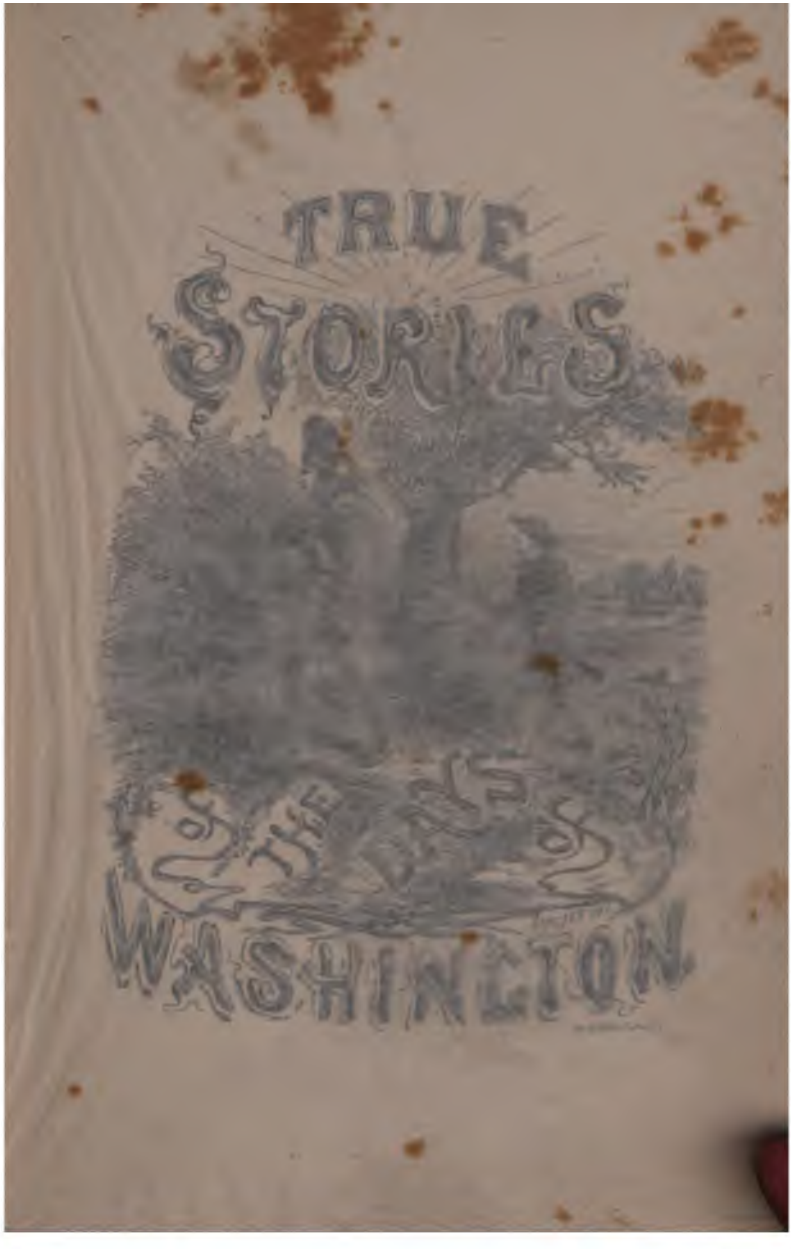
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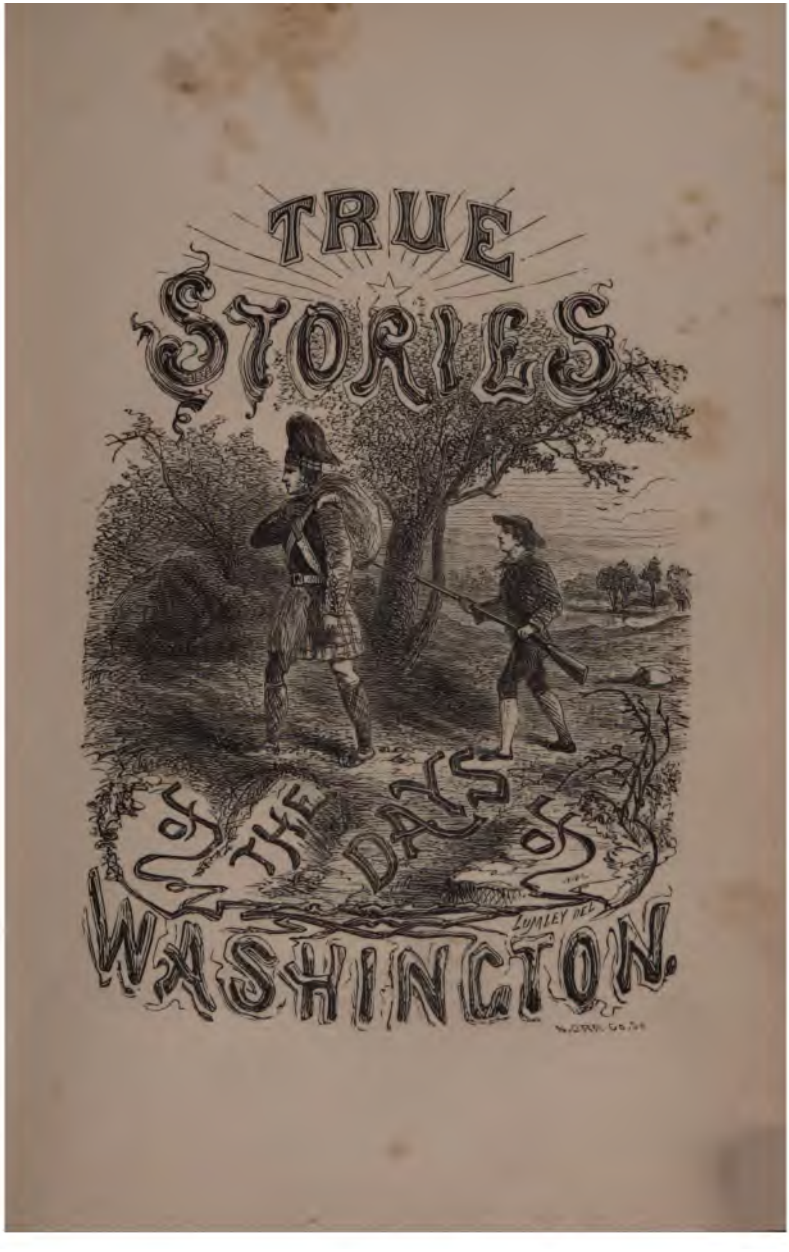
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TRUE STORIES

OF THE

DAYS OF WASHINGTON.

I.

HEROISM OF THE REVOLUTION.

THE history of the American Revolution teems with stories of heroism, daring, suffering, and wild romance. But general history, in recounting the movements of armies and the grander events of the period, overlooks the minor, but none the less interesting incidents which occurred in the by-ways and among the humbler actors of the drama. In this [illegible] book we purpose to relate a few of the tradi- [illegible] gends of the war, and to recount those [illegible] itude and suffering, and those ex- [illegible] private history of the age is so [illegible] more forcibly, we think, [illegible] ry, all that our fore- [illegible] d accomplished.

If heroism is rightly defined as patience, courage, fortitude, and a surrendering up of self to the demands of duty, then our American history is full of it. It is to be found in every page; a heroism that cannot be outdone by any heroism in the world, ancient or modern. It was a spirit that veined and fired the glorious old time, from the battle of Lexington to the day when the startling cry was heard, "Cornwallis has surrendered!"

It was, indeed, scarcely a virtue to be a hero in that time which tried men's souls, and proved them, too. The age grew a crop of heroes; the common stature of manly virtue was not enough; the standard of courage and valor was lifted; the cowards there would have passed for brave men elsewhere. And the women, too, became fired with the old Spartan spirit. We all know the famous reply of the Spartan mother to her son, who complained that his sword was too short; "Take a step nearer!" "Go," said an American mother to her son, a boy of sixteen years, who complained that he had n
"go, beg or borrow a gun, or fin
Some coward will be running aw
march forward; and if you
acted like a man, I shall
my face to the grave!"
to a third son, the

others she had already fitted out for the army. There must have been grand women in that age, if we accept this as a specimen. And this anecdote recalls another. "I am satisfied," exclaimed the Roman Cato when they told him that his son had fallen like a hero. "I have sad news for you," said one to an old farmer whose five sons were at the battle of Bennington. "What is it?" inquired the father; "have my sons run away from the fight?" "No," said the friend, "but one is dead." "Bring him to me," replied the old man, with an unchanged countenance. He was brought. The sire wiped the blood from the wounds, and gazed into the pallid face before him. "It is the happiest day of my life," said he, "to know that my five sons have fought nobly for freedom, even though one has fallen on the altar of his country." The reply of the Roman Cato is immortal. How many know of the old Vermonter's sublime sentiment? We cannot even give you his name. The fact, and not the hero, lives for Our admiration.

his pillow. Revolutionary war the more romantic inci- by the periled in the northern border and the and Grecian heroan warfare. There were heroism conquering Macedo everywhere; the regular army, at second hand. No battles which it is the proper speak. They needed not, was not deficient in them;

but in the swamps of the South and on the borders of the North were opportunities the most signal, occasions the most conspicuous for the display of that dazzling address, heroism, and bold adventure, in the relation of which we experience so much delight.

The history of the partisan warfare of the South is peculiarly attractive; its many details possess every requisite to gratify our love for the strange, the wild, and the romantic. With what fascination do we follow Marion and his men to their fastnesses, to their wild forest retreats, trackless, vast, silent and almost impenetrable, in which they were as secure as was ever Norman knight in his castle. If their enemies attempted to pursue them, they were involved in the mazes of those vast forests, tangled and dense with high growths, treacherous with yielding sod, from which escape was difficult and puzzling, and in the midst of which they were often at the mercy of the experienced and cunning patriots.

The achievements of those little bands w
rious, indeed. Marion has been called t
of the South—the swift and sure p
many wrongs perpetrated by th
midnight expeditions, marked
murdered innocents, captu

hearths, found ever at his hands sudden and inevitable retribution. His activity rendered his one miniature army equal to twenty armies; he was here, there, and everywhere; victorious at one point at ten o'clock, victorious in another, a dozen miles off, at twelve o'clock; appearing and disappearing with a suddenness and rapidity that baffled all the calculations of the enemy. When pursued, and many an army was sent to destroy him, he was more cunning than the fox, and still dangerous as the lion. He would as surely lead his enemy into his toils as they would attempt to follow him. He would fall upon their camps, cut off their provisions, rush down like a whirlwind upon them in advantageous places, lead them into ambuscades, dart upon them like a thunderbolt at unexpected moments, and in the end send them back bewildered, disgraced, and defeated.

Many of the deeds enacted by Marion's men are worthy to live side by side with those performed on the plains before ancient Troy. Alexander the Great, you will recollect, slept with his Homer under his pillow, and daily drew inspiration from its pages by the perusal of the achievements of the Trojan and Grecian heroes—which shows, I think, that the conquering Macedonian obtained some of his daring at second hand. Not so the heroes of which we speak. They needed no external source of inspira-

tion: their swelling hearts prompted their valor; they were original to themselves, as ignorant, no doubt, of Homer, as of the Talmud—heroes, not because men before them had been heroes, not because song, tradition, example, and the hope of fame prompted and stimulated them, but because truth, the love of justice and liberty, and that heroism which springs from virtuous and manly hearts, animated their bosoms. And none of the splendid heroes of the ancient times outdid some of their simple achievements. At the battle of Georgetown, for instance, a body of Americans were in possession of an inclosure. The gate was guarded by one soldier alone. His name was Ord; his rank that of sergeant. The Royalists were led up to the inclosure, with the cry, "Rush on, my brave fellows! They are only militia, and have no bayonets!" Inspired by this animating and soldierly address, which promised an easy triumph and no danger, the enemy charged upon this army of one. We do not speak ironically, for that one proved himself a host. As they rushed up, this modern Ajax shouted out: "No bayonets! oh no, none at all, to be sure!" and with every cry laid an enemy dead at his feet, until six lay stretched before him; when the enemy, checked and baffled by this formidable resistance, fell back and abandoned the attempt.

This is not an isolated instance of prowess. We recall many others which can match it; and one which will remind the reader of Richard the Lion-Hearted, when that "Pearl of Crusaders" dashed up singly before the army of Saladin, and by the simple shaking of his spear held in check the Mohammedan hosts. A body of English cavalry were in pursuit of Marion; they came up with his guard at Wiboo swamp, and charged so impetuously that the horse under Colonel Hovey were forced back in disorder, and the enemy, following up the advantage, pressed closely upon the Whigs as they retreated across a narrow causeway. At this juncture, one Gavin James, a man of gigantic frame, and mounted on a powerful horse, wheeled suddenly and faced alone the advancing column, discharging his musket as he did so, and shooting the foremost of the assailants dead. In an instant a volley blazed from the advancing foe; but the leaden hail fell around our hero harmless. A dragoon rushed forward, but he was instantly transfixed by the bayonet of James—another dashed to his companion's rescue, but shared his fate. Astonished and awed by the daring of a single adversary, the whole column halted; and then, animated and inspired by such signal courage, the Americans turned upon the enemy,

and charged with such impetuosity as to scatter the Royalists before them.

Every student of American history remembers Serjeant Jasper, the most famous of Marion's scouts. His heroic deeds are without number. His romantic escapes, his daring and novel adventures, his stratagems, disguises, his incursions into the camp of the enemy, his perfect power of changing voice, expression, and manner at will, all make up a history utterly delightful and romantic. There was no triumphing over Jasper; he was shot down at last gallantly defending a banner presented to the corps by a lady of Charleston; but in all his numerous schemes and exploits he was always successful. Watchful as were his enemies, his own acuteness ever excelled theirs; he would steal into their camps despite all their precautions; deceive the same man, once, twice, even three times; and elude the snares of others with the same dexterity he would exhibit in laying his own. He had as many shapes as Proteus, and appeared and disappeared in a magical way utterly bewildering to his pursuers. But the most romantic part of Jasper's career is a little love episode, very tender and mournful, and as truly romantic as anything in the history of the time. It is related in the tales of Marion's men. Sally St.

Clair was a beautiful, dark-eyed Creole girl. The whole treasury of her love was lavished upon Jasper, who on one occasion had saved her life. Separation from Jasper to her warm impulsive nature was almost maddening; to sever her long jetty ringlets, to dress in male attire, to enroll herself in the corps, and follow his fortunes in the war, unknown to him, was a resolution scarcely sooner conceived than taken. In the camp she attracted no particular attention, her disguise was so complete, and none were more eager for the battle, so indifferent to fatigue, as the smooth-faced boy. Jasper did not penetrate her disguise; and to be at his side, to watch over him in the hour of danger, to hover near him when stealing through the swamp and thicket, delighted the romantic girl and intensified the fervor of her passion. But one night she was observed bending over his couch, as if listening to his dreams; there was deep melancholy in her face; from her bosom came low sighs; down her fair cheek fell silent tears. There was a presentiment of coming evil in her heart; a mysterious voice had whispered that at last eternal separation from her lover was near. That night, a few hours later, the camp was surprised; a fierce conflict ensued; foremost in the battle was the intrepid Jasper, and ever at his side fought the stripling warrior. Suddenly, a

lance was levelled at the breast of Jasper; but swifter than the lance was Sally. The barb aimed at the stalwart breast of the hero was intercepted by the devoted love of his guardian angel; into the white, tender bosom of Sally it pierced, and down at his feet she fell, bleeding and dying. After the battle her name and sex were discovered; "and there was not a dry eye in the corps," says one who was present, "when she was laid in her grave, near the river Santee, in a green shady nook that looked as if it had been stolen out of Paradise." Our great American song writer, Geo. P. Morris, has immortalized this heroic maiden in some verses, which I will quote:

"In the ranks of Marion's band,
Through morass and wooded land,
Over beach of yellow sand,
Mountain, plain, and valley;
A Southern maid, in all her pride,
March'd gaily at her lover's side,
In such disguise
That e'en his eyes
Did not discover Sally.

"When return'd from midnight tramp,
Through the forest dark and damp,
On his straw couch in the camp,
In his dreams he'd dally

With that devoted, gentle fair,
Whose large black eyes and flowing hair,
So near him seem,
That in his dream,
He breathes his love for Sally.

"Oh! what joy that maiden knew,
When she found her lover true!—
Suddenly the trumpet blew,
Marion's men to rally!
To ward the death-spear from his side,
In battle, by Santee, she died!
Where sings the surge,
A ceaseless dirge,
Near the lone-grave of Sally."

Marion's brigade presented a very picturesque and singular aspect; their costumes were various and fantastic, of every imaginable kind and color, such as their swords could capture, or their uncertain resources supply. Sometimes the contrasts and incongruities of their appearance would be highly amusing. Here would be a huge backwoodsman without a coat, but richly supplied with captured epaulettes; there plumes and scarfs by the side of threadbare fustian; half-naked men in gold-embroidered coats; laces and ruffles hiding poverty and rags; feathers and cockades more numerous than hats, with which they might be adorned—in fact a

plenty of captured finery, but frequently the need of the absolute necessaries, and protection from hunger and exposure. Gardner tells us an anecdote to illustrate the privations undergone at that period, even by those high in rank. A physician called at the tent of one of the southern generals, and found him stretched upon the ground, and wrapped in his military cloak. "Pardon me for not rising," said the general; "but the fact is, the chances of war have so robbed me of every comfort, that I am obliged to confine myself to solitude and an old cloak, while my washerwoman prepares for use the only shirt I own."

But, indeed, during all that wonderful war, the American fought naked and starving. His courage and patriotism were not exhibited alone in the fierce charge, the daring onslaught, the desperate resistance, the dashing and gallant adventure. He evinced a more trying heroism, a higher courage—the heroism and the courage to patiently endure and suffer—the fortitude to submit to long and protracted privation. A single instance, which speaks wonders of the sufferings endured by those old warriors, we will quote. "At the battle of Eutaw Springs," says General Greene himself, "hundreds of my men were almost as naked as they were born. Their loins were galled by the cartouch-boxes; and a

folded rag or tuft of grass saved the shoulders from similar injury by the musket." What magic was it that held men together under circumstances like these? It is not so difficult for a man to evince bravery and spirit with clothes on his back and food in his stomach. Who could not be heroic after a good dinner? But to conquer by endurance—to be victorious, resolute, chivalric, magnanimous, with the gnawing of an empty stomach—that is a kind of valor which is very difficult, and may well enlist our admiration. Brave men are everywhere where there is roast beef and plum-pudding—we of the nineteenth century, we are inclined to think, would render everything up to patriotism but our appetites. Make it comfortable enough and we would accept a spirited sort of war once in a while; but to march hollow, naked, bleeding, famished, up to the face of great odds insolent with high feeding, that's another thing. It takes all the glitter away from war and makes it something very different from the fine and showy thing some of us imagine it to be. In such circumstances, perhaps we would be disposed to prove the philosophical truth of an old distich—he who fights and runs away—but you all know the proverb.

In gleaning the romantic incidents of the southern Revolutionary history, we discover instances of

heroism, devotion, and noble sacrifice, by the thousand; but here is a story of filial love and devotion, beautiful, tender, and more truly touching than any incident of history which we can recall.

Colonel Isaac Hayne was a highly respected citizen of Charleston. During the early part of the war, he rendered active service in the patriotic cause. After the capitulation of Charleston, and the almost universal subjection of that section of country to British supremacy, he, in common with many others, accepted a British protection, and returned to his family and estate. Upon the overthrow of the British power in almost every place but the city of Charleston, in 1781, he believed himself absolved from his pledges under the English rule, and once more took up arms in behalf of the continental cause. In a skirmish, he was made prisoner, carried to Charleston, and there adjudged by the English commander a traitor. He was brought before a court of inquiry, and to the horror of the citizens of Charleston, condemned to be hanged. In vain the citizens interceded for him; both English and American besieged the commandant with protestations against this cruelty. Until the sentence was pronounced no one supposed that measures so extreme would be adopted. The ladies of the city went in troops, and upon their knees implored a remission of his sen-

tence; but nothing could move the obdurate heart of the commandant; and on the thirty-first of July, 1781, he was condemned to be executed.

His eldest boy, a lad of thirteen years, was permitted to remain in prison with him up to the time of the execution. This boy evinced a love for his father of unusual intensity and fervor. Beholding him loaded with chains and condemned to die, he was overwhelmed with consternation; his grief was passionate and inconsolable. In an agony of abandoned sorrow, he flung himself upon his father's neck, crying: "Oh, my father! my father! I shall die with you!" The chains that bound the father prevented him from returning the embrace of his son, but he replied: "Live, my son; live to honor God by a good life; live to take care of your brothers and sisters."

The next morning, the son walked beside his father to the place of execution. It was a heart-rending scene. There was sorrow in every countenance; men spoke to each other in accents of horror; the deed was one of arbitrary cruelty; it was not demanded by justice, by right, by custom—assassination under color of law is the only term which can fitly express it. When the parent and child came near the gallows, the elder said: "Tom, my son, show yourself a man! That tree is the

boundary of my life and all my life's sorrow. Don't lay too much at heart our separation; it will be short. Lately your mother died; to-day I die. And you, though young, must shortly follow."

"Yes, father," replied the heart-broken youth; "I shall shortly follow you, indeed." Melancholy prophecy, too soon, too terribly fulfilled! When his father was taken from his side, the boy was convulsed with grief; wild sobs broke from his bosom; tears flowed copiously; frantic shrieks escaped from his lips; he struggled desperately in the arms of those who held him. But suddenly a cry of horror escapes from the crowd; the patriot and hero is in the hands of the executioner—the cord is cut—he is launched into the air, and into the everlasting space of eternity. The weeping boy suddenly sees the form of his loved parent convulsed in the agonies of a horrible death, and one wild, ringing, piercing shriek breaks upon the air—but one, and then all is silent. The lad is transfixed; his tears are staunched; his eyes stare with a fixed, strange glare—unearthly pallor spreads over his features—white, stony, still and calm, he watches that struggling form. Some approach and draw him gently away. He does not heed them; does not weep; his lips are still and pallid, his eyes wild and strange. The terrible truth soon becomes known. His reason has fled forever.

It was but a few days ere he followed his father to the grave; his last moments more terrible even than those of his murdered parent; he died in wild spasms of insanity, shrieking out the name of his father to the last breath, in accents of such thrilling anguish that the sternest hearted wept to hear him. So died this princely-hearted boy. We marvel that no poet has sung his requiem, for it is a story whose tender pathos can only find fit expression in poetry.

There is one other instance of filial devotion, which has more of the old Spartan character than the peculiarly melancholy one which we have just related. A youth of only fourteen accompanied his father to the wars, and was by his side in a skirmish with a detachment of Tories. The senior, who commanded the patriotic force, was shot through the heart. When he fell, his son sprang from his horse, to embrace the body of his father and protect it from insult. One of the enemy, the one whose hand had launched the fatal bolt, advanced to plunder the corpse, when the son, inspired with rage and grief, seized the sword of his murdered father, rushed upon the marauder with impetuous courage, and plunged the weapon in his bosom. The revenge was swift indeed.

But in that war there existed every element of romance; tragedy, and even comedy are upon every

page of its history; love, devotion, cross-purposes, villainy, mischance, adventure, the faith of women, the heroism of youth, fidelity under trial and difficulty—a deftly woven skein, in which the historian finds the blended threads of good and ill, love and hatred, life and death.

Among the patriots and politicians, and warriors even, of that day, were the wives and mothers of the heroes we describe. Ah, the consolations timely uttered, the sacrifices eagerly, cheerfully made, the encouragement tenderly breathed, the services often rendered, by our fine old grandmothers!—those grand women of whom Mary and Martha Washington are the types—whom some now living can dimly recollect in bent and honorable age, relating traditions of the old glorious time at the family fireside! The women of that age exhibited a most active and resolute patriotism; they spurred up the lagging men; labored most assiduously to supply the army with necessaries and comforts; melted down into bullets their old family lead and pewter heirlooms—venerable bowls and platters which had shone resplendently in parlor cupboards for generations; sometimes, indeed, placed upon the roadside loaded tables and flowing tankards, that straggling and famished patriots might pause and be refreshed; armed their sons, blessed, and sent them

forth to encounter the army; even sometimes donned the male attire and went forth in person to do battle for their country, as in case of Deborah Samson, who for years, her sex unknown, fought in the patriot army, discovered at last in consequence of an ungallant bullet, which made no discrimination between feminine and masculine heroes; and when they were unable to serve the good cause in other ways, urged bitter warfare with their tongues upon the common enemy. Most deliciously pungent things did the Whig dames hurl at the redcoats. Their wit was as sharp and sometimes as polished as the swords of the gentlemen whom they encountered. A British officer, meeting a lady in a garden where the chamomile flourished with peculiar luxuriance, inquired its name. "The Rebel flower," was the reply. "Why that name?" asked the officer. "Because," rejoined the spirited lady, "it thrives most when trampled upon." On another occasion an officer demanded of a lady the key to her trunk. "What do you expect to find there?" asked the lady. "I seek for treason," was the reply. "Oh, sir," quickly rejoined the lady, "you may save yourself the trouble. You can find plenty of it at my tongue's end." In Philadelphia, just at the commencement of the war, upon the appearance of one of King George's loud and thundering proclamations,

a gentleman in company with Miss Livingston asked if she was greatly terrified at the roaring of the British lion. "Not at all, sir, for I have learned from natural history that that beast roars loudest when he is most frightened." As a companion to these illustrations of old-fashioned wit, let us relate a story of dashing adventure performed by two sisters of Georgia. Learning that a courier bearing dispatches to the enemy, under the protection of two soldiers, was to pass their residence near a certain hour at night, they resolved by a well planned stratagem to surprise the party and deprive the courier of his dispatches. They disguised themselves in male attire, and properly armed, concealed themselves in a thicket on the roadside. The courier and his escort soon made their appearance, riding unsuspectingly along. Suddenly two small throats, used only to piping silvery sounds, tore themselves into hoarseness by shouting in vehement bass, and our heroines, —or shall we call them heroes?—rushed from their covert, demanding of the surprised party the instant surrender of their papers. Believing themselves to be surrounded by a formidable force, for fear has the same quality as drunkenness in being able to see double, these gallant fellows, thankful that the demand was not upon their lives, gave up the dispatches. The ladies then put them on parole and

plunging into the woods hastened home by a near route, arriving in time to throw off their disguises, assume their familiar garbs, and appear to receive the same party who came riding up to the door, requesting accommodations. The ladies, unsuspected, rallied their guests upon their adventure, which was recounted with plentiful exaggeration by the valiant travellers. It was indeed amusing and surprising to these ladies, to see how two not very dangerous maids became transformed by sheer imagination and fear into a whole army of formidable rebels! The dispatches thus gallantly obtained proved to be very important ones.

While the partisan struggle in the South presented these manifold phases of danger, adventure, and enthusiastic devotion to the common cause which we have described, its counterpart was the border wars of the North, where fortitude as lofty, address as cunning, daring as cool, and adventure as marvellous were exhibited in the presence of foes many times more formidable than the regulars of the South; an enemy skilled in the same mode of warfare as that pursued by the patriots themselves, and who added to their more warlike character a treachery and cruelty which recognized no human restraints, no laws of honorable warfare—whose tactics were summed up in one sentence—kill and

destroy! By any means! By every stratagem! By all forces—by fire, by secret murder, by treacherous massacre, by midnight stealth, prolonged torture, under false colors, in the guise of friends, by tricks as devilish as they were ingenious, by such subtlety and accursed cunning as no history can parallel but that of the fallen angels! In the presence of these foes, in part Indians semi-civilized, and Tories semi-barbarized, who added to national hostility private hatred, who crept like serpents, killed like assassins, and struck in sleep as well as in battle; in presence of foes like these, every man was by necessity the cunning general, the wily tactician, the accomplished warrior. At no hour and upon no occasions was there safety; watchfulness was never at rest; energies could never repose; coolness and courage must ever be on tip-toe; the rifle and the knife never passed from the reach of the ready hand. Sleeping was not, as with us, a matter of oblivion—consciousness was never lost; the senses were taught, even while they reposed, to be on the alert—to start at every change, every passing sound, every movement unusual, however stealthy. The peculiar warfare of the frontier was of a kind to nurse spirits unparalleled in history—whose faculties were sharpened into an acuteness utterly beyond their ordinary development—who exhibited a self-possession in

danger, and fortitude in suffering utterly wonderful; whose powers of endurance, insensibility to climate and exposure, indifference to hunger and prolonged exertion, skill in the art of woodcraft, adroitness in the management of rifle, or spear or tomahawk, subtlety in tactics required and learned in no school of war but their own, all manifested a genius for action and generalship, which has no parallel whatsoever. That famous and noble old Leather-stocking, in the familiar romances of Cooper, could have been drawn from the history of no other country in the world than our own. The peculiarities of his mind and temper, the idiosyncrasies which have so distinguished him in the gallery of fictitious characters, could only have been developed on the borders of an American forest, in a life occupied with the chase or the war-trail, and flourishing in a mid-way state between civilization on the one hand and absolute savageness on the other—a bulwark between the two extremes of human existence, and a barrier to those savage hordes which the endless forests emptied upon that advancing tide which subdued, and now flourishes upon the ruins of barbarism.

The history of that period and section teems with stratagems over which the reader hangs with delight, and instances of gallant daring that thrill us with admiration; it overflows with the chivalric and the

remarkable; every day saw enacted its own especial drama or tragedy. Bodies of Tories and Indians poured continually from the British Canadian forts and settlements, rushed down upon the Mohawk and the Delaware, capturing, burning, destroying; and, laden with spoils and prisoners, marched back through the vast forests to the fortresses upon the Niagara and the St. Lawrence, where their prisoners were thrown into dungeons, while they refreshed themselves for further incursions. These descents of the enemy were marked by all the elements of a war which combined the features of a foreign invasion and a servile insurrection; it exhibited that peculiar cruelty which experience has shown characterizes civil wars; while it added the horrors of a barbaric invasion which aimed not to encounter and defeat armies, but to devastate and exterminate; whose weapons were the torch and knife, whose object was most bloody and remorseless! The progress of these incursive forces were marked with every horror; prisoners were exposed to cruelties and indignities which only savage ingenuity could have invented; whole families were murdered under circumstances so atrocious and inhuman that the heart sickens at their recital. But with all these there were splendid defences, romantic escapes, heroic rescues, glorious exploits and feats, which would have done honor to

the days of chivalry and knighthood. We must here remark that in the common habit of attributing the atrocities of those wars to the Indian allies of our British enemy, we frequently do the savages great injustice. Even Brant himself, the terrible Thayendanega, was a mild and humane chief compared to some of the Tory leaders, conspicuous at his side. A party of Indians and Tories attacked a settlement in the Mohawk. In the midst of their work of blood, an Indian warrior approached a cradle wherein was lying a tender infant. The savage lifted his hatchet, but even while the deadly weapon was poised in the air, the babe looked up in his face and smiled. The warrior was a savage, but not an inhuman; nature asserted in his breast its high instincts. The hatchet fell, and he stooped tenderly to take the infant in his arms, when one of the Tories came up—a white skinned savage with a heart fathomless in its black depravity—and cursing the Indian for his humanity, thrust the smiling infant through with his bayonet, and thus transfixed, held it aloof struggling in the agonies of death, as he exclaimed, "*This, too, is a rebel!*" This is not the only instance which we could recount to prove that the white man often outdid his Indian ally in deeds of cruelty; the massacre of Wyoming is rife with proof of what we assert.

We have dwelt upon the romantic features of

southern partisanship, and glanced at the northern border struggle, so replete with exploit and adventure. We must not close this chapter without glancing briefly at the regular army, and seeing if in the midst of the splendor and glory of great victories, individual effort did not shine brilliantly and nobly. The victories of armies do not often afford opportunities for the display of personal prowess. That dashing, gallant spirit which in Putnam and Mad Anthony Wayne so delights us, must usually give way to discipline, to the necessity of concert, to the more comprehensive duties of a commander, in whom prudence, care, watchfulness, caution are cardinal virtues. And moreover, individual achievement, even where it occurs in the whirl, din, smoke of a hotly-fought battle, may be lost to the world for want of spectators. But as instances of what our soldiers in the armies did—what fortitude, courage, splendid address they evinced, we will relate in this place the following examples:

At the battle of Oriskany, a most desperately contested battle, Captain Dilenback was rushed upon by three assailants. One seized his gun, but he wrenched it from his grasp, felled him with the butt, shot the second dead, and thrust the third through with his bayonet. "But in the moment of his triumph at an exploit," says his historian, "of which

Hector might have been proud, a ball laid this brave man low in the dust."

A somewhat similar exploit was that of Lieutenant Gardinier, who was assailed by several at the same moment. He slew two, wounded a third; but his spurs becoming entangled, he fell to the ground, just as three of the foe sprang upon him. In this position both of his thighs became transfixed to the earth by the bayonets of two of his assailants, while the third aimed a blow at his breast. Seizing this bayonet with his left hand, by a sudden wrench he brought the man down on himself, where he held him as a shield until aid came up. These encounters possess all those attributes of address and valor which are admired in heroes, and sung by poets.

In the battle of Quimly, Colonel Horry, of the cavalry, had placed one Baxter, a man of great courage but marked simplicity of character, in a post of danger and importance. Presently, Baxter cried out to Horry, "I am wounded, colonel." "Think no more of it, but stand to your post," was the firm response of Horry. "But I can't stand," cried out Baxter, "I am wounded the second time." "Lie down, then, but do not quit your post." "I will, sir, but they have shot me again, and if I remain here, I'll be cut to pieces." "Be it so, but stir not," was the order; and the brave fellow

obeyed, receiving still another wound, but faithfully carrying out his commands to the letter, as he would have done, no doubt, if the exposure had been ten times greater, or the wounds multiplied with four-fold force.

But in a little incident which occurred in Connecticut, we detect a spirit of so much devotion and resolution that we hail it as one of the finest anecdotes we have of the war. A British expedition into Connecticut, under the traitor Arnold, attacked Fort Griswold, opposite New London, and captured it. After the surrender of the fort, the prisoners were massacred, the work of blood commencing by the British commander, who ran his sword through the body of the American in command, just as he presented his own weapon in token of surrender. After the massacre, a portion of the dead and wounded Americans were placed in an ox-cart, which was started down a hill with the intention of running it into the river. Are we recounting an incident among savages on the border, or one among men who claimed to pursue the art of war like soldiers and men of honor? The cart, in its descent, struck against a tree, which arrested its progress, but several of the wounded were killed by the force of the concussion. A portion of the wounded still remained in the fort, whereupon a

train was laid to the powder magazine, and the place abandoned to its fate. But the explosion was prevented by a wounded soldier, who succeeded with great difficulty in crawling upon the train of powder, which he saturated with the life-blood that was flowing from his veins, and the consummation of the inhuman intention was frustrated by this ingenious and noble effort. It was in this very battle, during the heat of the contest, that the wadding of the Americans became exhausted, when a lady who was in the fort, loosed a flannel petticoat from her person, and threw it to the gunners, exclaiming, "This will enable you to fire a few shots more." As for the noble act of the dying soldier, who, in the very agonies of death, could pause to plan the safety and preservation of others, it is one of those deeds which we would like to see embalmed in poetry, for verse alone can do that poetic justice to an act which so nobly merits the inspiration of the muse.

At the beginning of this chapter we mentioned that we did not intend to depict the great historical events of that grand era. Lexington, Bunker Hill, Trenton, Saratoga, Yorktown, have been described in splendid terms by Irving, Sparks, and all the numerous historians who have sought to identify their own names with the history of the nation; and

at the hands of these men, the worth, the services, and the noble patriotism of Washington, and those generals who fought by his side, have been gloriously depicted. The strenuous efforts, too, of the noble band of civilians, headed by such names as Franklin, Hancock, Morris, Adams, Sherman, have been promptly recognized by those whom the nation has accepted as her chroniclers and historians. In this volume, therefore, we shall attempt only to illustrate the more romantic character of the contest, evinced in the deeds enacted by patriots too obscure for the pomp of history, but never too obscure or too humble for the gratitude and love of their countrymen.

II.

STORIES OF WASHINGTON.

THE following interesting incidents in the history of Washington exhibit signally the peculiar dangers to which the commander-in-chief was exposed.

THE FALSE FRIEND.

During the early part of the Revolution, when the American army was stationed at West Point, Washington was in the habit of visiting a family in the neighborhood, in the head of which he reposed great confidence and friendship. But there had been some rumors affecting his honesty and fidelity, and indeed by some he was openly accused of being false to the American cause; but Washington refuted these suspicions. Upon one occasion, however, being pressed with so much over-earnestness by this person to dine with him on a certain day, and at a certain hour, accompanying his invitation with an insinuation that the chief's appearance at his residence with a guard was an indication of a

want of confidence in his friend's fidelity, and requesting, as a proof of his confidence, that he would come unattended, Washington's suspicions were aroused. He accepted the invitation, determined to prove the truth or falsehood of his supposed friend.

At one o'clock, on the day appointed for the dinner, Washington proceeded alone to the mansion where he had been a frequent visitor. The hour of dinner was two o'clock, but Washington arrived at the mansion nearly an hour before the appointed time, his early arrival being arranged for an especial object. The host received his guest with well-acted cordiality, and proposed to occupy the time before dinner by a walk on the piazza. Here conversation occupied the time, and it soon became apparent to the chief that his host's manner was exceedingly nervous and excitable. Without revealing this knowledge, Washington continued the discourse, and, while he carefully avoided betraying his suspicions, he skillfully led the conversation to such subjects as would be most likely to cause his companion to betray his agitation. So poor an actor was he, and so often was his conscience probed by the apparently innocent remarks of the commander-in-chief, that his nervousness of manner became so marked as to give the greatest pain to

Washington, at this proof of the infidelity of one on whom he had once reposed unlimited confidence. The American commander, in commenting upon the different beauties of the landscape that surrounded them, pointed out the spot where lay the encampment of the enemy, at the same time remarking upon the extraordinary lack of principle that could induce men of American birth to forego the interests of their country, and every consideration of holy patriotism, to enroll themselves among their country's invaders for no other temptation than a little glittering gold. Before the penetrating look which Washington fixed upon him while making these remarks, the guilty traitor quailed, but at this juncture he was relieved by the sound of approaching horses, and as both guest and host turned to the direction whence the sound proceeded, a company of dragoons in British uniforms appeared upon the brow of the hill, and galloping rapidly along the road toward the house.

"Bless me, sir!" exclaimed Washington; "what cavalry are these approaching the house?"

"A party of British light horse," rejoined his trembling host, "who mean no harm, but are merely sent for my protection!"

"British horse sent here while I am your guest!" said Washington, with startling sternness, as he

turned upon his guest with an air of command that awed, and caused to quail, the little soul of the betrayer before the mighty spirit that he had aroused. "What does this mean, sir?" continued Washington, as a terrible look gathered upon his brow.

By this time the troops had arrived, and they were seen dismounting from their horses. This gave courage to the trembling traitor.

"General," said he, approaching his guest, "General, you are my prisoner."

"I believe not," replied Washington, his manner having regained its former calmness; "but, sir, I know that you are *mine!* Officer, arrest this traitor!"

In bewildering consternation, the treacherous hypocrite looked from Washington to the men; the one an American officer, and the others seemingly British soldiers. But the puzzle was soon solved. Washington had ordered a company of Americans to disguise themselves as British cavalry, and to arrive at the mansion designated, at a *quarter before two*, by which means he would be enabled to discover the innocence or guilt of the suspected person. The issue proved his suspicions were well founded, and the mode he adopted for detecting the plot admirably displayed his great sagacity. The

false friend was handed over to the keeping of the soldiers, and conducted to the American camp as a prisoner. He afterward confessed that he had been offered a large sum to betray Washington into the hands of the English; and at the hour of two, a party of British horse would have surrounded the house, and captured the American chief. At first, Washington meditated making a severe example of the man, but he yielded to the earnest solicitations of his family, and pardoned him.

THE STRANGE GUEST.

The anecdote which we next give is copied from an old periodical.

One pleasant evening in the month of June, during the early part of the war, a man was observed entering the borders of a wood, near the Hudson River, his appearance that of a person above the common rank. The inhabitants of a country village would have dignified him with the title of squire, and, from his manner, would have pronounced him proud; but those more accustomed to society, would inform you there was something like a military air about him. His horse panted as if it had been hard pushed for some miles, yet from the owners' frequent stops to caress the patient animal,

he could not be charged with want of humanity; but seemed to be actuated by some urgent necessity. The rider forsaking a good road for a by-path leading through the woods, indicated a desire to avoid the gaze of other travellers. He had not left the house where he inquired the direction of the above mentioned road more than two hours, before the quietude of the place was broken by the noise of distant thunder. He was soon after obliged to dismount, travelling becoming dangerous, as darkness concealed surrounding objects, except when the lightning's flash afforded him a momentary view of his situation. A peal louder and of longer duration than any of the preceding which now burst over his head, seeming as if it would rend the woods asunder, was quickly followed by a heavy fall of rain, which penetrated the clothing of the stranger ere he could obtain the shelter of a large oak, which stood at a little distance.

Almost exhausted with the labors of the day, he was about making such disposition of the saddle and his overcoat, as would enable him to pass the night with what comfort circumstances would admit, when he espied a light glimmering through the trees. Animated with the hope of better lodgings, he determined to proceed. The way, which was sometimes steep, became attended with some ob-

stacles the further he advanced; the soil being composed of clay, which the rain had rendered so soft that his feet slipped at every step. By the utmost perseverance, this difficulty was finally overcome without any accident, and he had the pleasure of finding himself in front of a decent-looking farm-house. The watch-dog began barking, which brought the owner of the mansion to the door.

"Who is there?" said he.

"A friend who has lost his way, and in search of a place of shelter," was the answer.

"Come in, sir," added the speaker, "and whatever my house will afford, you shall have with welcome."

"I must provide for the weary companion of my journey," remarked the other.

But the farmer undertook the task, and after conducting the new-comer into a room where his wife was seated, he led the horse to a well-stored barn, and there provided for him most bountifully. On rejoining the traveller, he observed, "That is a noble animal of yours, sir."

"Yes," was the reply, "and I am sorry that I am obliged to misuse him so as to make it necessary to give you so much trouble with the care of him; but I have yet to thank you for your kindness to us both."

"I do no more than my duty, sir," said the entertainer, "and therefore, am entitled to no thanks." "But, Susan," added he, turning to the hostess with a reproachful look, "why have you not given the gentleman something to eat?"

Fear had prevented the good woman from exercising her well-known benevolence; for a robbery had been committed by a lawless band of depredators recently in that neighborhood, and as report stated that the ruffians were all well dressed, her imagination suggested that this might be one of them.

At her husband's remonstrance, she now readily engaged in repairing her error, by preparing a bountiful repast. During the meal there was much interesting conversation among the three. As soon as the worthy countryman perceived that his guest had satisfied his appetite, he informed him that it was now the hour at which the family usually performed their devotions, inviting him at the same time to be present. The invitation was accepted in these words:

"It would afford me the greatest pleasure to commune with my heavenly Preserver, after the events of the day; such exercises prepare us for the repose which we seek in sleep."

After the devotions, the host lighted a pine-knot

and conducted the person he had entertained to his chamber, wished him a good night, and retired to the adjoining apartment.

"John," whispered the woman, "that is a good gentleman, and not one of the highwaymen, as I supposed."

"Yes, Susan," said he, "I like him better for thinking of his God, than all his kind inquiries after our welfare. I wish our Peter had been home from the army, if it was only to hear this good man talk; I am sure Washington himself could not say more for his country, nor give a better history of the hardships endured by our brave soldiers."

"Who knows, now," inquired the wife, "but it may be himself, after all, my dear? for they do say he travels just so, all alone, sometimes. Hark! What's that?"

The sound of a voice came from the chamber of their guest, who was now engaged in private religious worship. After thanking the Creator for his many mercies, and asking a blessing on the inhabitants of the house, he continued, "And now, Almighty Father, if it be thy holy will, that we shall attain a name and a place among the nations of the earth, grant that we may be enabled to show our gratitude for thy goodness, by our endeavors to fear and obey thee. Bless us with wisdom in our

councils, success in battle, and let our victories be tempered with humanity. Endow, also, our enemies with enlightened minds, that they may become sensible of their injustice, and willing to restore liberty and peace. Grant the petition of thy servant, for the sake of him thou hast called thy beloved son; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done. Amen!"

The next morning the traveller, declining the pressing solicitations to breakfast with his host, declared it was necessary for him to cross the river immediately; at the same time offering part of his purse as a compensation for what he had received, which was refused.

"Well, sir," continued he, "since you will not permit me to recompense you for your trouble, it is but just that I should inform you on whom you have conferred so many obligations, and also add to them by requesting your assistance to cross the river. I had been out, yesterday, endeavoring to obtain some information respecting our enemy, and, being alone, ventured too far from the camp. On my return I was surprised by a foraging party, and only escaped by my knowledge of the woods, and the fleetness of my horse. My name is George Washington."

Surprise kept the listener silent for a moment; then, after unsuccessfully repeating the invitation to

partake of some refreshment, he hastened to call two negroes, with whose assistance he placed the horse on a small raft of timber that was lying on the river, near the door, and soon conveyed the general to the opposite side of the river, where he left him to pursue his way to the camp, wishing him a safe and prosperous journey. On his return to the house, he found that while he was engaged in making preparations for conveying the horse across the river, his illustrious visitor had persuaded his wife to accept a token of remembrance, which the descendants of the worthy couple are proud of exhibiting to this day.

THE POISONED DISH.

The following story we also obtain from a communication to an old periodical. We have no reason to doubt its truth, although we do not find the circumstance mentioned elsewhere:

In the summer of 1776, when the American army was in New York, a young girl of the city went to her lover, one Francis, and communicated to him, as a secret she had overheard, a plan that was in operation among the government men to destroy the American commander-in-chief, by poison, which was to be plentifully mingled with his green peas, a favorite vegetable of his, on the following day, at Rich-

mond Hill head-quarters, where he was to dine. Francis, who was a thorough Whig, although supposed to be friendly to the Royalists, went immediately to Washington and acquainted him with this diabolical plan for his destruction. Washington, having listened with attention, said:

"My friend, I thank you; your fidelity has saved my life, to what reserve the Almighty knows! But, now, for your safety; I charge you to return to your house, and let not a word of what you have related to me, pass your lips; it would involve you in certain ruin; and heaven forbid that your life should be forfeited or endangered by your faith to me. I will take the necessary steps to prevent, and at the same time discover, the instrument of this wicked device."

The next day, about two hours before dinner, he sent for one of his guard, told him of the plot, and requested that he would disguise himself as a female, and go to the kitchen, there to keep a strict watch upon the peas, until they should be served up for the table. The young man carefully observed the directions he had received, and had not been long upon his post of duty, before a young man, another of the guard, came anxiously to the door of the kitchen, looked in, and then passed away. In a few moments after, he returned and approached the hearth where the peas stood, and was about to mingle in the

deadly substance, when suddenly he shrunk back as though from the sting of the fork-tongued adder, his color changing to the pale hue of death, and his limbs apparently palsied with fear, evidently horror-struck with his own purpose; but soon, however, the operation of a more powerful incitement urged forward his reluctant hand, that tremblingly strewed the odious bane, and he left the kitchen, overwhelmed with conflicting passions, remorse and confusion.

"Harold sleeps no more; the cry has reached his heart ere the deed be accomplished," said the youth on duty, in a voice not devoid of pity, as he looked after the self-condemned wretch.

"What, Harold!" said the commander-in-chief, sorrowfully, upon receiving the information; "can it be possible—so young, so fair, and gentle! He would have been the last person upon whom a suspicion of that nature could have fallen, by right of countenance. You have done well," said he to the youth before him. "Go, join your comrades and be secret."

The young man went accordingly, and Washington returned to the piazza, where several officers were assembled, among whom was the hero of Saratoga, who was waiting for further instructions from Congress before he departed for Canada. In a few

moments dinner was announced, and the party was ushered into a handsome apartment, where the sumptuous board was spread, covered with all the delicacies of the season.

The commander-in-chief took his seat, placing General Gates on his right hand, and General Wooster on the left. When the remainder of the officers and company were seated, and eager to commence the duties of the table, the chief said, impressively:

"Gentlemen, I must request you to suspend your meal for a few moments. Let the guard attend me."

All was silence and amazement. The guard entered and formed in a line toward the upper end of the apartment.

Washington, having put upon his plate a spoonful of peas, fixed his eyes sternly upon the guilty man, and said:

"Shall I eat of this vegetable?"

The youth turned pale and became dreadfully agitated, while his trembling lips faintly uttered,

"I don't know."

"Shall I eat of these?" again demanded Washington, raising some upon his knife.

Here Harold elevated his hand, as if by an involuntary impulse, to prevent their being tasted. A

chicken was then brought in, that a conclusive experiment might be made in the presence of all those witnesses. The animal ate of the peas and immediately died, and the wretched criminal, overcome with terror and remorse, fell fainting, and was borne from the apartment.

II.

THE MOCK PRISONER.

During the war of the Revolution the American officers experienced a great deal of difficulty in disposing of their prisoners. There were no posts regularly fitted up for the purpose, and as the best means in their power for securing them they placed them in thickly settled portions of the country, at remote distances from the enemy, securely confined in barracks, with stockades temporarily erected, and as vigilantly guarded as under the circumstances it was possible. Lancaster, Pennsylvania, was one of these posts; but although selected for this purpose with great care, the prisoners frequently disappeared in a very mysterious manner. Nobody could tell how it happened; the officers investigated and inquired, and were compelled to confess themselves completely puzzled; some credulous people suggested that they escaped by supernatural agency, but the officers were too sensible to listen to tales of this kind, and renewed their efforts to ferret out the mystery. At last the mysterious story reached

Washington, who sent General Hazen to take the command, charging him to hunt out the mystery if it were within the bounds of human possibility. This officer set to work with great energy, and declared that the secret should not long escape him. But he found that the secret baffled all his ordinary efforts, and he quietly determined to resort to stratagem. He called to his aid one of his most trustworthy officers, Colonel Lee, and at last a very adroit plan was concocted between them.

The very day after the interview between the general and his colonel, Lee disappeared, it having been given out that he was absent on furlough by the permission of the commander. Lee meanwhile proceeding a short distance, disguised himself as a British officer, and managed to be taken prisoner by a detachment of American troops from the post. So well did Colonel Lee act his new part, and so complete was his disguise, that the very officers and soldiers who had seen him every day in his proper capacity did not detect in their new prisoner the man who had been living among them so recently. It was very important for his plan that he should not be known by the American soldiers, and more especially by his fellow-prisoners, and very fortunately not a person penetrated his disguise.

For many days Lee remained in this position and

was unable to get a clue as to how these singular escapes had been effected. But he had his eyes and ears about him, and one day he thought he saw a look of intelligence between one of the prisoners and an old woman who was allowed to bring fruit for sale within the inclosure. She was a poor, deaf, half-witted creature, supposed to be entirely harmless, and heretofore had excited no suspicions. Her son had been disgraced and punished in the American army, but she had never betrayed any malice on that account, and no one supposed that she had any power to do injury, even if she possessed the will. But Colonel Lee's suspicions were excited, and he watched her closely. Yet he could detect nothing to confirm his suspicions, and almost concluded that his first apprehensions were unfounded. She lived a mile distant in a wild retreat, where a dog and a cat were her only companions, the former keeping a vigilant and defiant guard over her mansion at all hours. With the exception that she was an object of superstitious fear to some—there will be foolish people, it seems, everywhere—a more harmless creature was nor supposed to exist.

But one very dark and stormy night, Colonel Lee was lying awake at midnight, meditating on the enterprise he had undertaken, which, though in the beginning it had recommended itself to his

romantic disposition, had now lost all its charms. It was one of those tempests, which in our climate so often hang upon the path of the departing year. His companions slept soundly; but the wind, which shook the building to its foundation, and threw heavy splashes of rain against the window, conspired with the state of his mind to keep him wakeful. All at once, the door, was gently opened, and a figure moved silently into the room. It was too dark to observe its motions narrowly, but he could see that it stooped toward one of the sleepers, who immediately arose; next it approached and touched him on the shoulder. Lee immediately started up; the figure then allowed a slight gleam from a dark lantern to pass over his face, and as it did so, whispered impatiently, "not the man—but come!" It then occurred to Lee, that this was the opportunity he so much desired. The unknown then whispered to him to keep his place till another man was called; but just at that moment, some noise disturbed him, and making a sign to Lee to follow, he moved silently out of the room.

They found the door of the house unbarred, and a small part of the fence removed, where they passed out without molestation. The sentry had retired to a shelter where he thought he could guard his post without suffering from the rain; but Lee saw that

his conductors put themselves in preparation to silence him if he should happen to address them. Just without the fence, appeared a stooping figure, wrapped in a red cloak, and supporting itself with a large stick, which the colonel at once perceived could be no other than the old fruit woman. But the most profound silence was observed; a man came out of a thicket at a little distance, and joined them, and the whole party moved onward under the guidance of the old woman. At first, they frequently stopped to listen, but having heard the sentinels cry, "All's well," they seemed reassured, and moved with more confidence than before.

They soon came near the woman's cottage, under an overhanging bank, where a bright light was shining out from a little window upon the wet and drooping boughs that hung near it. The dog which stood on guard, received them graciously, and they entered. A table was spread with some coarse provisions upon it, and a large jug, which one of the soldiers was about to seize, when the man who conducted them withheld him.

"No," said he, "we must first proceed to business." He then went to a small closet, from which he returned with what seemed to be a Bible, though it was much worn. While they were doing this, Lee had time to examine his companions; one of

whom was a large, quite good-looking soldier, the other a short, stout man, with much the aspect of a villain. They examined him in turn, and as Lee had formerly been obliged to punish the shorter soldier severely, he felt some misgivings when the fellow's eye rested upon him. Their conductor was a middle-aged, harsh-looking man, whom Lee had never seen before.

As no time was to be lost, their guide explained to them in a few words, that, before he should undertake his dangerous enterprise, he should require of them to swear upon the scriptures not to make the least attempt to escape, and never to reveal the circumstances or agents in the proceeding, whatever might befall them. The soldiers, however, insisted on deferring this measure, till they had formed some slight acquaintance with the contents of the jug, and expressed their sentiments on the subject rather by actions than words. In this they were joined by Lee, who by this time had begun to contemplate the danger of the enterprise in a new and unpleasant point of view. If he were to be compelled to accompany his party to New York, his disguise would at once be detected, and it was certain that he would be hanged as a spy. He had supposed, beforehand, that he should find no difficulty in escaping at any moment; but he saw

that their conductor had prepared arms for them, which they were to use in taking the life of any one who should attempt to leave them—and then the oath. He might possibly have released himself from its obligations when it became necessary for the interests of his country; but no honorable man can well bear to be driven to an emergency in which he must violate an oath, however reluctantly taken. He felt that there was no retreating, for the least hesitation would excite all their suspicions, when suddenly there came a heavy shock, as if something falling against the sides of the house, which they at once detected to be the alarm-gun; and their conductor, throwing down the old Bible, which he had held all the while impatiently in his hand, directed the party to follow him in close order, and immediately quitted the house, taking with him his dark lantern.

They went on with great dispatch, but not without difficulty. Sometimes their footing would give way on some sandy bank or slippery field; and when their path led through the woods, the wet boughs dashed heavily in their faces. Lee felt that he might have deserted his precious companions while they were in this hurry and alarm; but he felt that, as yet, he had made no discoveries; and however dangerous his situation was, he could not bear to confess that he had not nerve to carry it through.

On he went, therefore, for two or three hours, and was beginning to sink with fatigue, when the barking of a dog brought the party to a stand. Their conductor gave a low whistle, which was answered at no great distance, and a figure came forward in the darkness who whispered to their guide, and then led the way up to a building, which seemed, by the shadowy outline, to be a large stone barn. They entered it, and were severally placed in small nooks where they could feel that the hay was all around them, except on the side of the wall. Shortly after, some provisions were brought to them with the same silence, and it was signified to them that they were to remain concealed through the whole of the coming day.

Through a crevice in the wall, Lee could discover, as the day came on, that the barn was attached to a small house. He was so near the house that he could overhear the conversation which was carried on about the door. The morning rose clear, and it was evident from the inquiries of horsemen, who occasionally galloped up to the door, that the country was alarmed, and that soldiers were out in pursuit of the fugitives. The farmer gave short and surly replies, as if unwilling to be taken off from his labor; but the other inmates were eager in their questions, and, from the answers, Lee gathered that

the means by which he and his companions had escaped were as mysterious as ever.

The next night, when all was quiet, they resumed their march, and explained to Lee, that, as he was not with them in their conspiracy, and was accidentally associated with them in their escape, they should take the precaution to keep him before them, just behind the guide. He submitted without opposition, though the arrangement considerably lessened the chances in favor of his escape. He observed, from the direction of the stars, that they did not move in a direct line toward the Delaware, but they changed their course so often that he could not conjecture at what point they intended to strike the river. He endeavored, whenever any peculiar object appeared, to fix it in his memory as well as the darkness would permit, and succeeded better than could have been expected, considering the agitated state in which he travelled.

For several nights, they went on in this manner, always lying by in the day-time, and being delivered over to different persons from time to time; and, as Lee could gather from their whispering conversation, they were regularly employed on occasions like the present, and well rewarded by the British for their services. Their employment was full of danger; and though they seemed like desperate men,

he could observe that they never remitted their precautions. They were concealed by day in barns, cellars, caves made for the purpose, and similar retreats, and one day was passed in a tomb, the dimensions of which had been enlarged, and the inmates, if there had been any, banished to make room for the living. The burying-grounds were a favorite retreat, and on more occasions than one, they were obliged to resort to superstitious alarms to remove intruders upon their path; their success fully justified the experiment, and, unpleasantly situated as our colonel was, in the prospect of soon being a ghost himself, he could not avoid laughing at the expedition with which old and young fled from the fancied apparitions under clouds of night, wishing to meet such enemies, like Ajax, in the face of day.

Though the distance to the Delaware was not great, they had now been twelve days on the road, and such was the vigilance and suspicion prevailing throughout the country, that they almost despaired of effecting their object. The conductor grew impatient; and Lee's companions, at least one of them, became ferocious. There was, as we have said, something unpleasant to him in the glance of this fellow toward him, which became more and more fierce as they went on; but it did not appear whether it were owing to circumstances or actual suspicion. It

so happened that, on the twelfth night, Lee was placed in a barn, while the rest of the party sheltered themselves in the cellar of a little stone church, where they could talk and act with more freedom, both because the solitude of the place was not often disturbed even on the Sabbath—and because even the proprietors did not know that illegal hands had added a cellar to the conveniences of the building.

The party were seated here as the day broke, and the light, which struggled in through crevices opened for the purpose, showed a low room about twelve feet square, with a damp floor and large patches of white mold upon the walls. Finding, probably, that the pavement afforded no accommodations for sleeping, the worthies were seated each upon a little cask, which seemed like those used for gunpowder. Here they were smoking pipes with great diligence, and, at intervals not distant, applying a huge canteen to their mouths, from which they drank with upturned faces, expressive of solemn satisfaction. While they were thus engaged, the short soldier asked them in a careless way, if they knew whom they had in the party. The others started, and took their pipes from their mouths to ask him what he meant.

"I mean," said he, "that we are honored with the company of Captain Lee, of the rebel army. The

rascal once punished me, and I never mistook my man when I had a debt of that kind to pay. Now I shall have my revenge."

The others hastened to express their disgust at his ferocity, saying, that if, as he said, their companion was an American officer, all they had to do was to watch him closely. They said that, as he had come among them uninvited, he must go with them to New York and take the consequences; but, meantime, it was their interest not to seem to suspect him, otherwise he might give an alarm, whereas it was evidently his intention to go with them till they were ready to embark for New York. The other persisted in saying that he would have his revenge with his own hand, upon which the conductor, drawing a pistol, declared to him that if he saw the least attempt to injure Captain Lee, or any conduct which would lead him to suspect that his disguise was discovered, he would that moment shoot him through the head. The soldier put his hand upon his knife with a fierce scowl upon the conductor, but seeing that he had to do with one who was likely to be as good as his word, he evidently thought it better to restrain himself, and he began to arrange some rubbish to serve him for a bed. The other soldiers followed his example, and their guide withdrew, locking the door after him.

The next night they went on as usual, but the manner of their conductor showed there was more danger than before; in fact, he explained to the party, that they were now not far from the Delaware, and hoped to reach it before midnight. They occasionally heard the report of a musket, which seemed to indicate that some movement was going on in the country. Thus warned, they quickened their steps, and it was not long before they saw a gleam of broad clear light before them, such as is reflected from calm waters even in the darkest nights. They moved up to it with deep silence; there were various emotions in their breasts; Lee was hoping for an opportunity to escape from an enterprise which was growing far too serious, and the principal objects of which were already answered; the others were anxious lest some accident might have happened to the boat on which they depended for crossing the stream.

When they came to the bank there were no traces of a boat on the water. Their conductor stood still for a moment in dismay; but, recollecting himself, he said it was possible it might have been secured lower down the stream, and forgetting everything else, he directed the larger soldier to accompany him, and, giving a pistol to the other, he whispered, "If the rebel officer attempt to betray

us, shoot him; if not, you will not, for your own sake, make any noise to show where we are." In the same instant they departed, and Lee was left alone with the ruffian.

He had before suspected the fellow knew him, and now doubts were changed to certainty at once. Dark as it was, it seemed as if fire flashed from his eyes, now that he felt revenge was in his power. Lee was as brave as any officer in the army; but he was unarmed, and though he was strong, his adversary was still more powerful. While he stood, uncertain what to do, the fellow seemed to be enjoying the prospect of revenge, as he looked upon him with a steady eye. Though the officer stood in appearance unmoved, the sweat rolled in heavy drops from his brow. But he determined, if there was to be a struggle, to open it himself, and he sprang upon the soldier with the intention of wresting the pistol from his hand; but the other was on his guard, and suddenly aiming the pistol, fired. Luckily for our brave colonel, the pistol had not been loaded with a bullet. The conductor, we suppose, trusted to the fear of his weapons to render their use unnecessary, and had therefore loaded them only with with powder; as it was, the shock threw Lee to the ground; but fortunately, as the fellow dropped the pistol, it fell where Lee could reach it, and as his

adversary stooped, and was drawing his knife from his bosom, Lee was able to give him a stunning blow. He immediately threw himself upon the assassin, and a long and bloody struggle began; they were so nearly matched in strength and advantage, that neither dared unclinch his hold for the sake of grasping the knife. The struggle was so desperate and fierce that the blood gushed from their mouths. But the assassin was the most powerful. Lee's strength began to yield, and in a few moments more the contest would have ended in the overthrow of the colonel. But again, fortunately for the rebel officer, steps and voices were heard advancing, and they found themselves in the hands of a party of countrymen, who were armed for the occasion, and were scouring the banks of the river. They were forcibly torn apart, but so exhausted and breathless, that neither could make any explanation, and they submitted quietly to the disposal of their captors.

The party of armed countrymen, though they had succeeded in their attempt and were sufficiently triumphant on the occasion, were sorely perplexed to determine how to dispose of their prisoners. After some discussion, one of them proposed to obtain the decision of the wisdom of the nearest magistrate. They accordingly proceeded with their prisoners to his mansion, about two miles distant,

and called on him to rise and attend to business. A window was hastily thrown up, and the justice put forth his night-capped head, and, with more wrath than became his dignity, ordered them off; and, in requital for their calling him out of bed in the cold, generously wished them to the warmest place which then occurred to his imagination. However, resistance was vain; he was compelled to rise; and, as soon as the prisoners were brought before him, he ordered them to be taken in irons to the city of Philadelphia. Lee improved the opportunity to take the old gentleman aside, and told him who he was, and why he was thus disguised; the justice only interrupted him with the occasional inquiry, "Most done?" When he had finished, the magistrate told him that his story was very well made, and told in a manner very creditable to his address, and that he should give it all the weight it seemed to require.

As soon as they were fairly lodged in prison, Lee prevailed on the jailer to carry a note to Gen. Lincoln, informing him of his condition. The general received it as he was dressing in the morning, and immediately sent one of his aids to the jail. That officer could not believe his eyes when he saw Captain Lee. His uniform, worn out when he assumed it, was now hanging in rags about him, and he had

not been shaved for a fortnight; he wished, very naturally, to improve his appearance before presenting himself before the Secretary of War; but the orders were peremptory to bring him as he was. The general loved a joke full well; his laughter was hardly exceeded by the report of his own cannon; and long and loud did he laugh that day.

When Captain Lee returned to Lancaster, he immediately attempted to retrace the ground; and so accurate, under all the unfavorable circumstances, had been his investigation, that he brought to justice fifteen persons, who had aided the escape of British prisoners. For this very hazardous and efficient service we are sorry to say that Congress did not see fit to reward him.

IV.

KENTON THE SPY.

SIMON KENTON and two companions, named Clark and Montgomery, were sent out in advance of a scout expedition planned by Colonel Bowman of Kentucky, against an Indian town on the little Miami. These adventurers set out in obedience to their orders, and reached the neighborhood of the Indian village without being discovered. They were enabled to examine it attentively, but instead of returning after reconnoitering the place, they were tempted to get possession of several horses which they discovered in pound. Each seized a horse, and mounted. But there still remained a number of fine animals which they were unwilling to leave behind, and in the attempt to secure them, so much noise was made, they were discovered, and in an instant the cry rang through the village that the long-knives were stealing their horses. A great hubbub ensued; and Indians, old and young, squaws and warriors, sallied out with loud screams

to save their property. Kenton and his followers saw that there was nothing to do but ride for their lives. But even in this extremity they were unwilling to give up a single horse, and while two of them rode in front, leading a number of the animals, the other brought up the rear, and plying his whip with energy, urged them forward at their greatest speed.

"In this manner they dashed through the woods at a furious rate with the hue and cry after them, until their course was suddenly stopped by an impenetrable swamp. Here, from necessity, they paused a few minutes, and listened attentively. Hearing no sounds of pursuit, they resumed their course, and skirting the swamp for some distance in the vain hope of crossing it, they bent their course in a straight direction to the Ohio. They rode during the whole night without resting a moment. Halting a brief space at daylight, they continued their journey throughout the day, and the whole of the following night; and, by this uncommon celerity of movement, they succeeded in reaching the northern bank of the Ohio on the morning of the second day.

"Crossing the river would now insure their safety, but it was likely to prove a difficult undertaking, and the close pursuit, which they had reason to expect, rendered it expedient to lose as little time

as possible. The wind was high, and the river rough and boisterous. It was determined that Kenton should cross with the horses, while Clark and Montgomery should construct a raft, in order to transport their guns, baggage, and ammunition, to the opposite shore. The necessary preparations were soon made, and Kenton, after forcing his horses into the river, plunged in himself and swam by their side.

"In a few minutes the high waves completely overwhelmed him and forced him considerably below the the horses, who stemmed the current much more successfully than he.

"The horses being left to themselves, turned about and made for the Ohio shore, where Kenton was compelled to follow them. Again he forced them into the water, and again they returned to the same spot, until Kenton became so exhausted by repeated efforts, as to be unable to swim. What was to be done?

"That the Indians would pursue them was certain. That the horses would not and could not be made to cross the river in its present state was equally certain. Should they abandon their horses and cross on the raft, or remain with their horses, and brave the consequence? The latter alternative was adopted unanimously. Death or captivity might be tolerated, but the loss of such a beautiful lot of

horses, after working so hard for them, was not to be thought of for a moment.

"Should they now move up or down the river, or remain where they were? The latter plan was adopted, and a more indiscreet one could hardly have been imagined. They supposed that the wind would fall at sunset, and the river become sufficiently calm to admit of their passage; and, as it was thought probable that the Indians might be upon them before night, it was determined to conceal their horses in a neighboring ravine, while they should take their stations in the adjoining wood.

"The day passed away in tranquillity; but at night the wind blew harder than ever, and the water became so rough, that they would hardly have been able to cross on the raft. As if totally infatuated, they remained where they were until morning; thus wasting twenty-four hours of most precious time in idleness. In the morning, the wind abated, and the river became calm; but, it was now too late. Their horses had become obstinate and intractable, and positively and repeatedly refused to take to the water.

"Their masters at length determined to do what ought to have been done at first. They severally resolved to mount a horse, and make the best of their way down the river to Louisville. But their

unconquerable reluctance to lose their horses overcame even this resolution. Instead of leaving the ground instantly, they went back upon their own trail, in the vain effort to regain possession of the rest of the horses, which had broken from them in their last effort to drive them into the water. They literally fell victims to their love for horseflesh.

"They had scarcely ridden one hundred yards when Kenton, who had dismounted, heard a loud halloo. He quickly beheld three Indians and one white man, all well mounted. Wishing to give the alarm to his companions, he raised his rifle, took a steady aim at the breast of the foremost Indian, and drew the trigger. His gun had become wet on the raft, and flashed.

"The enemy were instantly alarmed, and dashed at him. Kenton took to his heels, and was pursued by four horsemen at full speed. He instantly directed his steps to the thickest part of the wood, and had succeeded, as he thought, in baffling his pursuers, when, just as he was entering the wood, an Indian on horseback galloped up to him with such rapidity as to render flight useless. The horseman rode up, holding out his hand, and calling "Brother! brother!" in a tone of great affection. Kenton observes that if his gun would have made fire, he would have "brothered" him to his heart's content, but, being

totally unarmed, he called out that he would surrender if they would give him quarter and good treatment.

"Promises were cheap with the Indian, who, advancing with extended hands and a withering grin upon his countenance, which was intended for a smile of courtesy, seized Kenton's hand and grasped it with violence. Kenton, not liking the manner of his captor, raised his gun to knock him down, when an Indian, who had followed him closely through the brushwood, sprung upon his back and pinioned his arms to his side. The one who had been grinning so amiably, then raised him by the hair and shook him until his teeth rattled, while the rest of the party coming up, fell upon Kenton with their tongues and ramrods, until he thought they would scold or beat him to death. They were the owners of the horses which he had carried off, and now took ample revenge for the loss of their property. At every stroke of their ramrods over his head, they would exclaim in a tone of strong indignation, 'Steal Indian hoss! hey!'

"Their attention, however, was soon directed to Montgomery, who, having heard the noise attending Kenton's capture, very gallantly hastened up to his assistance, while Clark prudently took to his heels. Montgomery halted within gunshot, and appeared

busy with the pan of his gun, as if preparing to fire. Two Indians instantly sprung off in pursuit of him, while the rest attended to Kenton. In a few minutes Kenton heard the crack of two rifles in quick succession, followed by a halloo, which announced the fate of his friend. The Indians returned, waving the bloody scalp of Montgomery, and with countenances and gestures which menaced him with a similar fate.

"They then proceeded to secure their prisoner, by pinioning him with stout sticks, and fastening him with ropes to a tree. Kenton remained in this painful position throughout the night, looking forward to certain death, and most probably torture, as soon as he should reach their towns. Their rage against him displayed itself the next morning, in rather a singular manner.

"Among the horses which Kenton had taken, was a wild young colt, wholly unbroken, and with all his honors of mane and tail undocked. Upon him Kenton was mounted, without saddle or bridle, with his hands tied behind him, and his feet fastened under the horse's belly. The country was rough and bushy, and Kenton had no means of protecting his face from the brambles, through which it was expected that the colt would dash. As soon as the rider was firmly fastened to his back, the colt was

turned loose with a sudden lash, but after curveting and caracolling for a while, to the great distress of Kenton, but to the infinite amusement of the Indians, he appeared to take compassion on his rider, and falling into a line with the other horses, avoided the brambles entirely, and went on very well. In this manner he rode through the day. At night he was taken from the horse, and confined as before.

"On the third day, they came within a few miles of Chillicothe. Here the party halted, and sent forward a messenger to prepare for their reception. In a short time, Blackfish, one of their chiefs, arrived, and regarding Kenton with a stern countenance, thundered out in very good English: 'You have been stealing horses?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Did Captain Boone tell you to steal our horses?'

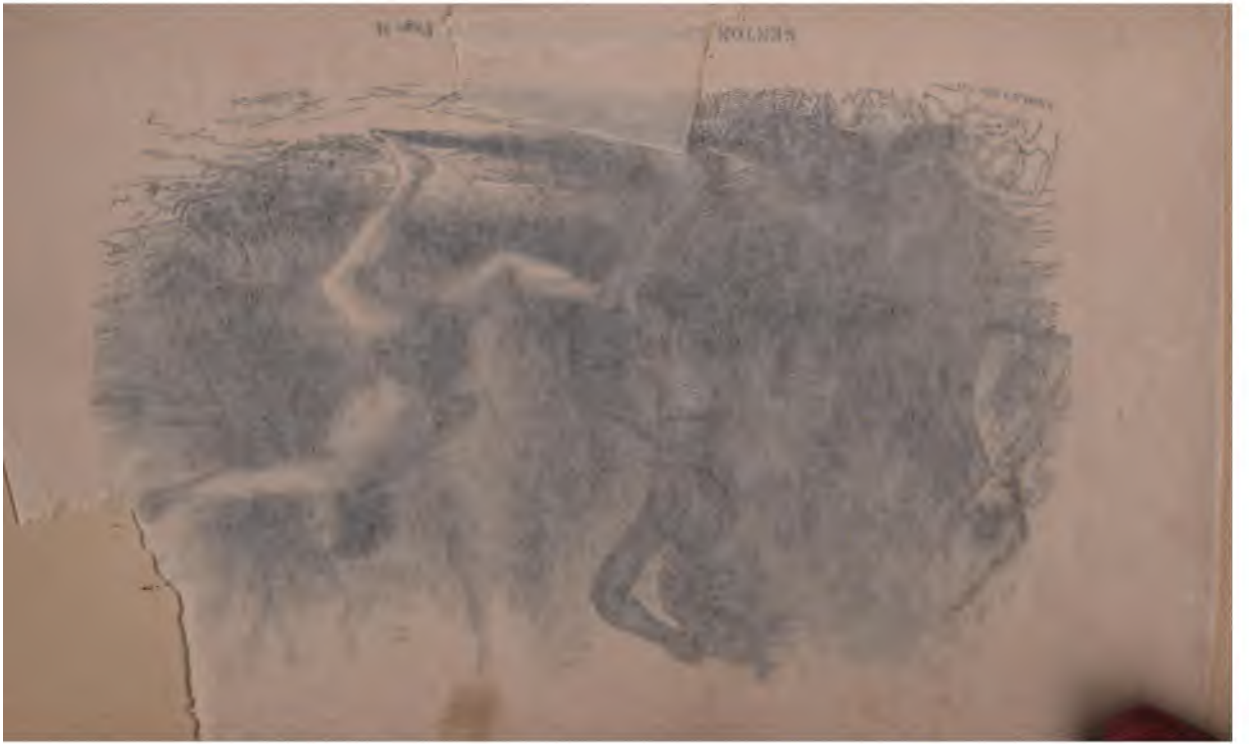
"'No, sir; I did it of my own accord.'

"Blackfish made no reply to this frank confession; but, brandishing a hickory switch, he applied it so briskly to Kenton's naked back and shoulders, as to bring the blood freely, and occasion acute pain.

"Thus, alternately scolded and beaten, Kenton was conducted to the village. All the inhabitants, men, women, and children, ran out to feast their eyes with a sight of the prisoner; and all, down to

KENTON RUNNING THE GAUNTLET. Page 81.

rage.



the smallest child, appeared in a paroxysm of rage. They whooped, they yelled, they hooted, they clapped their hands, and poured upon him a flood of abuse, in comparison with which all that he had yet experienced was courteous and civil. With loud cries they demanded that their prisoner should be tied to the stake. The hint was instantly complied with; but after being well thrashed and tormented, he was released for the purpose of furnishing further amusement to his captors.

"Early in the morning, he beheld the scalp of Montgomery stretched upon a hoop, and drying in the air, before the door of one of their principal houses. He was led out and ordered to run the gauntlet. A row of boys, women, and men, extended to the distance of a quarter of a mile. At the starting-place stood two grim warriors with butcher-knives in their hands. At the extremity of the line, was an Indian beating a drum; and a few paces beyond the drum was the door of the council-house. Clubs, switches, hoe-handles, and tomahawks were brandished along the whole line, and as Kenton saw these formidable preparations, the cold sweat streamed from his pores.

"The moment for starting arrived. The great drum at the door of the council-house was struck; and Kenton sprang forward in the race. He, how-

ever, avoided the row of his enemies, and turning to the east, drew the whole party in pursuit of him. He doubled several times with great activity, and at length, observing an opening, he darted through it, and pressed forward to the council-house, with a rapidity which left his pursuers far behind. One or two of the Indians succeeded in throwing themselves between him and the goal, and from these alone he received a few blows, but was much less injured than he could at first have supposed possible.

"After the race was over, a council to decide his fate was held, while he was handed over naked and bound to the care of a guard in the open air. The deliberation commenced. Every warrior sat in silence, while a large war-club was passed round the circle. Those who were opposed to burning the prisoner on the spot, were to pass the club in silence to the next warrior. Those in favor of burning, were to strike the earth violently with the club before passing it.

"A teller was appointed to count the votes This dignitary reported that the opposition had prevailed; and that it was determined to take the prisoner to an Indian town on Mad River, called Waughcotomoco. His fate was announced to him by a renegado white man, who acted as

interpreter. Kenton asked, 'What the Indians intended to do with him upon reaching Waughcotomoco.'

"'Burn you!' replied the renegado.

"After this pleasant assurance, the laconic and scowling interpreter walked away.

"The prisoner's clothes were restored to him, and he was permitted to remain unbound. Thanks to the intimation of the interpreter, he was aware of the fate in reserve for him, and resolved that he would never be carried alive to Waughcotomoco. Their route lay through an unpruned forest, abounding in thickets and undergrowth. During the whole of the march, Kenton remained abstracted and silent; often meditating an effort for the recovery of his liberty, and as often shrinking from the peril of the attempt.

"At length, he was aroused from his reverie by the Indians firing off their guns, and raising the shrill scalp-halloo. The signal was soon answered, and the deep roll of a drum was heard far in front, announcing to the unhappy prisoner, that they were approaching an Indian town, where the gauntlet certainly, and perhaps the stake, awaited him.

"The idea of a repetition of the dreadful scenes he had just encountered, overcame his indecision,

and, with a sudden and startling cry, he sprung into the bushes and fled with the speed of a wild deer. The pursuit was instant and keen. Some of his pursuers were on horseback, some on foot. But he was flying for his life. The stake and the hot iron, and the burning splinters were before his eyes, and he soon distanced the swiftest hunter in pursuit.

"But fate was against him at every turn. Thinking only of the enemy behind, he forgot that there might be an enemy before; and he suddenly found that he had plunged into the centre of a fresh party of horsemen, who had sallied from the town at the firing of the guns, and happened, unfortunately, to stumble upon the poor prisoner, now making a last effort for freedom. His heart sunk at once from the ardor of hope, to the lowest pit of despair, and he was again haltered and driven into captivity like an ox to the slaughter-house.

"On the second day he arrived at Waughcotomoco. Here he was again compelled to run the gauntlet, in which he was severely hurt. Immediately after this ceremony, he was taken to the council-house, and all the warriors once more assembled to determine his fate.

"He sat silent and dejected upon the floor of the cabin, when the door of the council-house opened,

and Simon Girty, James Girty, John Ward, and an Indian, came in with a woman as a prisoner, together with seven children and seven scalps. Simon and James Girty were renegades, who had become admitted among the Indians as companions and brothers. Kenton was immediately removed from the council-house, and the deliberations of the assembly were protracted to a very late hour, in consequence of the arrival of the last-named party, with a fresh drove of prisoners.

"At length he was again summoned to attend the council-house, being informed that his fate was decided. Upon entering he was greeted with a savage scowl, which, if he had still cherished a spark of hope, would have completely extinguished it. Simon Girty threw a blanket upon the floor, and harshly ordered him to take a seat upon it. The order was not immediately complied with, and Girty impatiently seizing his arm, jerked him roughly upon the blanket and pulled him down.

"In a menacing tone, Girty then interrogated him as to the condition of Kentucky.

"'How many men are there in Kentucky?'

"'It is impossible for me to answer that question,' replied Kenton; 'but I can tell you the number of officers, and their respective ranks, and you can then judge for yourself.'

"'Do you know William Stewart?'

"'Perfectly well; he is an old and intimate acquaintance.'

"'What is your own name?'

"'Simon Butler!' replied Kenton, who had formerly been known by that name.

"Never did the announcement of a name produce a more powerful effect. Girty and Kenton had served as spies together in Dunmore's expedition. The former had not then abandoned the society of the whites for that of the savages, and had become warmly attached to Kenton during the short period of their services together. As soon as he heard the name, he threw his arms around Kenton's neck, and embraced him with much emotion.

"Then turning to the assembled warriors, who had witnessed this scene with much surprise, Girty informed them that the prisoner, whom they had just condemned to the stake, was his ancient companion and bosom-friend; that they had travelled the same war-path, slept upon the same blanket, and dwelt in the same wigwam. He entreated them to spare him the anguish of witnessing the torture by his adopted brothers of an old comrade; and not to refuse so trifling a favor as the life of a white man to the earnest intercession of one who had proved, by three years' faithful service, that

he was zealously devoted to the cause of the Indians.

"The speech was listened to in silence, and some of the chiefs were disposed to grant Girty's request. But others urged the flagrant misdemeanors of Kenton; that he had not only stolen their horses, but had flashed his gun at one of their young men; that it was in vain to suppose that so bad a man could ever become an Indian at heart, like their brother Girty; that the Kentuckians were all alike, very bad people, and ought to be killed as fast as they were taken; and, finally, they observed that many of their people had come from a distance, solely to assist at the torture of the prisoner; and pathetically painted the disappointment and chagrin with which they would hear that all their trouble had been for nothing.

"Girty continued to urge his request, however, with great earnestness, and the debate was carried on for an hour and a half, with much energy and heat. The feelings of Kenton during this suspense may be imagined.

"At length the war-club was produced, and the final vote taken. It was in favor of the prisoner's reprieve. Having thus succeeded in his benevolent purpose, Girty lost no time in attending to the comfort of his friend. He led him into his own wig-

wam, and, from his own store, gave him a pair of moccasins and leggins, a breechcloth, a hat, a coat, a handkerchief for his neck, and another for his head.

"For the space of three weeks, Kenton lived in tranquillity, treated with much kindness by Girty and the chiefs. But at the end of that time, as he was one day with Girty and an Indian named Redpole, another Indian came from the village toward them, uttering repeatedly a whoop of peculiar intonation. Girty instantly told Kenton that it was the distress-halloo, and that they must all go instantly to the council-house. Kenton's heart fluttered at the intelligence, for he dreaded all whoops, and heartily hated all council-houses, firmly believing that neither boded him any good. Nothing however, could be done, to avoid whatever fate awaited him, and he sadly accompanied Girty and Redpole back to the village.

"On entering the council-house, Kenton perceived from the ominous scowls of the chiefs that they meant no tenderness toward him. Girty and Redpole were cordially received, but when poor Kenton offered his hand, it was rejected by six Indians successively, after which, sinking into despondence, he turned away and stood apart.

"The debate commenced. Kenton looked eagerly toward Girty as his last and only hope. His friend

seemed anxious and distressed. The chiefs from a distance arose one after another, and spoke in a firm and indignant tone, often looking at Kenton with an eye of death. Girty did not desert him, but his eloquence was wasted. After a warm discussion, he turned to Kenton, and said, 'Well, my friend, *you must die!*'

"One of the stranger chiefs instantly seized him by the collar, and the others surrounding him, he was strongly pinioned, committed to a guard, and marched off. His guard were on horseback, while he was driven before them on foot, with a long rope round his neck. In this manner they had marched about two and a half miles, when Girty passed them on horseback, informing Kenton that he had friends at the next village, with whose aid he hoped to be able to do something for him. Girty passed on to the town, but finding that nothing could be done, he would not see his friend again, but returned to Waughcotomoco by a different route.

"The Indians with their prisoner soon reached a large village upon the head-waters of the Scioto, where Kenton, for the first time, beheld the celebrated Mingo chief, Logan, so honorably mentioned in Jefferson's 'Notes on Virginia.' Logan walked gravely up to the place where Kenton stood, and the following short conversation ensued:

"'Well, young man, these people seem very mad at you?'

"'Yes, sir, they certainly are.'

"'Well; don't be disheartened. I am a great chief. You are to go to Sandusky. They speak of burning you there. But I will send two runners to-morrow to help you.'

"Logan's form was manly, his countenance calm and noble, and he spoke the English language with fluency and correctness. Kenton's spirits revived at the address of the benevolent chief, and he once more looked upon himself as providentially rescued from the stake.

"On the following morning, two runners were dispatched to Sandusky, as the chief had promised. In the evening they returned, and were closeted with Logan. Kenton felt the most burning anxiety to know the result of their mission, but Logan did not visit him until the next morning. He then walked up to him, accompanied by Kenton's guards, and giving him a piece of bread, told him that he was instantly to be carried to Sandusky; and left him without uttering another word.

"Again Kenton's spirits sunk. From Logan's manner, he supposed that his intercession had been unavailing, and that Sandusky was to be the scene of his final suffering. This appears to have been the

truth. But fortune had not finished her caprices. On being driven into the town, for the purpose of being burnt on the following morning, an Indian agent from Canada, named Drewyer, interposed, and once more was he rescued from the stake. Drewyer wished to obtain information for the British commandant at Detroit; and so earnestly did he insist upon Kenton's being delivered to him, that the Indians at length consented, upon the express condition that, after the required information had been obtained, he should be again restored to their possession. To this Drewyer consented, and, without further difficulty, Kenton was transferred to his hands. Drewyer lost no time in removing him to Detroit. On the road, he informed Kenton of the condition upon which he had obtained possession of his person, assuring him, however, that no consideration should induce him to abandon a prisoner to the mercy of such wretches.

"At Detroit, Kenton's condition was not unpleasant. He was obliged to report himself every morning to an English officer; and was restricted to certain boundaries through the day. In other respects he scarcely felt that he was a prisoner. His wounds were healed, and his emaciated limbs were again clothed with a fair proportion of flesh. He remained in this state of easy restraint from October,

1777, until June, 1778, when he meditated an escape.

"He cautiously broached his project to two young Kentuckians, then at Detroit, who had been taken with Boone at the Blue Licks, and had been purchased by the British. He found them as impatient as himself of captivity, and resolute to accompany him. He commenced instant preparations. Having formed a close friendship with two Indian hunters, he deluged them with rum, and bought their guns for a mere trifle. These he hid in the woods, and returning to Detroit managed to procure powder and balls, with another rifle.

"The three prisoners then appointed a night for their attempt, and agreed upon a place of rendezvous. They met at the time and place appointed, without discovery, and, taking a circuitous route, avoiding pursuit by travelling only during the night, they at length arrived safely at Louisville, after a march of thirty days."

V.

THE PATRIOTIC COUPLE.

In the town of North Castle, Westchester County, N. Y., resided during the war of Independence, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, a young married couple, who were both heart and soul enlisted in the patriotic cause, and whose best services were devoted to their country. Mr. Fisher was an efficient and active member of a partisan band, under Major Paulding, whose confidence and esteem he always enjoyed to an eminent degree, and who, by his unflinching patriotism, and the energy and skill with which he thwarted the plans and designs of the Tories, made himself particularly obnoxious to them. His active duties as a scout sometimes kept him for months from his home, where his young wife had nothing but her heroism of spirit to oppose to the marauding bands that traversed the Neutral Ground, and whose creed it was to make war upon women and children indiscriminately. While the high-minded Whig, therefore, was serving his country in the

swamp and on the mountain, the wife had to undergo dangers requiring an equal courage and fortitude.

She was one of those women of the Revolution, by whose indomitable spirit and active benevolence our armies were often held together, and our soldiers encouraged to persevere in the glorious course they had begun. She was without fear, and was always ready to serve her country, or defend herself, upon any emergency. The American soldier, too, often found relief from suffering through her benevolence. She was one of those who attended upon the wounded of White Plains, and administered comfort to the dying, and relief to the wounded. After this battle, when Washington's army was encamped near her residence, the commander-in-chief's table was often indebted for many of its delicacies to the prudent attention and care of Mrs. Fisher. Washington often expressed his obligations to her in person.

Many anecdotes are related of her daring. On one occasion, a favorite colt was stolen, when she mounted a horse and rode down to Morrisania, where the Royalists were encamped, and demanded of the English officer in command, the restoration of her property. The Englishman courteously assented, and the colt being found, it was restored to her. This was considered at the time a most daring expedition. Her route, which was a long one, was

through a section of country beset with marauders, who were never in the habit of hesitating to make war on a woman.

We remarked that the danger from the marauding Tory bands, prevented Mr. Fisher from visiting his home but at long intervals. There was one band of Tories notorious for its cruelty, headed by one Blindberry, a most bloodthirsty wretch, whose memory to this day is only preserved to be execrated. This fellow was the terror of the whole community. On one occasion, after having been absent for six months, Mr. Fisher's anxiety to see his family became so great, that one evening he cautiously approached the house, and was admitted unseen. Late that night, after he had retired, steps were heard without, and presently there was a loud knocking at the door, with a peremptory summons for it to be opened. This not being heeded, it was repeated, with a threat to break open the door, if it was not complied with. The house was a simple, old-fashioned cottage, the door opening directly into a room which was used by Mr. Fisher and his wife as a sleeping room. The party now discharged their pistols three or four times through the window, but the balls lodged harmlessly in the walls. This proceeding effecting nothing, they began at once to demolish the door, and in a few moments they burst

roughly into the room. Mr. Fisher sprang from the bed, prepared to defend his wife and himself to the last. But the only object of this band was plunder.

In those times, the country people were compelled to convert their effects into money, as everything movable would be sure to be captured, and having no means of investing their wealth, it was generally concealed in secure places. But these concealments rarely availed them anything, if their persons should fall into the hands of the Tories, as every means of torture that ingenuity could suggest was availed of to force the hapless victims to betray the hiding-place of their wealth. Hanging, roasting over slow fires, or a pistol at the head, were the usual modes adopted.

The Tory leader, who was no other than this same Blindberry, demanded of Mr. Fisher his gold. The stern patriot, who was a man of unconquerable will, calmly refused. The marauders became enraged, and he was threatened with death if he persisted in his denial. But neither the flashing swords that gleamed over him, the musket at his breast, nor the furious aspects of the wretches, could move him a jot from his determined purpose. The word was given to try hanging. In an instant a rope was thrown over the branch of a tree, that stood by the door, and their victim was drawn beneath it, and the rope adjusted to his neck. Once more he was

asked to give up his money. Without the tremor of a muscle, he refused. The next moment he was dangling high up in the air. He was allowed to remain suspended for a few seconds, and then lowered to the ground. His reply to the same question was given, in an undaunted refusal. Again did his tormentors run him up into the air; but when they again lowered him, he had fainted. In a few moments, however, he revived, and as the knowledge of the affair gradually broke upon his mind, he thundered out, "No, not a farthing!" Once more did the wretches swing him off, and this time he was kept suspended until they thought he was dead, when they lowered him, and seeing now no chance of obtaining the coveted gold, they departed.

The agony of the wife during this scene can only be imagined. A Tory was stationed by her side, and with a pistol at her head, enjoined silence on the penalty of her life. In those few minutes were crowded a life of torture and suffering. When they had gone, she tremblingly stole out to the side of her husband, and with what little strength she possessed, dragged his lifeless form into the house. With the vague hope that he might not be dead, she applied restoratives, and soon had the unspeakable joy of detecting signs of life. Ere morning he was entirely restored, and that very day joined his scout.

Continuing their route, the Tories fell upon several other of the neighbors, all of whom suffered some cruelty at their hands. At one house they placed its master in a chair, tied him down, and built a fire under him, by which means he was at last compelled, by his insupportable agony, to reveal the hiding-place of his gold. But a terrible retribution was preparing for them. Major Paulding had gathered a party of his men, and were in hot pursuit of them. As the major was following up their track, he stopped at the residence of Mr. Wright, an old Quaker, who felt a strong sympathy for the American cause, but whose principles prevented him from taking an active part in the contest. To the inquiry if such a party of Tories as has been described was seen, the Quaker replied in the affirmative, pointing out the course they had taken.

"What do you say, my men?" said the major to his followers; "shall we follow them up?" A unanimous assent was given.

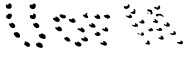
"Jonathan, if thee wishes to see those men," said Mr. Wright, approaching Major Paulding with a knowing look; "if thee wishes to see them particular, would it not be better for thee to go to 'Brundage's Corner,' as they are most likely from the north, and will return that way. There thee canst see them without doubt."

The shrewd insinuation of the Quaker was caught in an instant. The place referred to afforded a most admirable place for an ambuscade, and by secreting themselves there, the enemy was certain to fall into their hands.

The Whigs had not been concealed long ere the party was heard approaching. At the signal, the patriots sprang forward, and discharged their weapons. At the very first fire, the blood-thirsty Tory leader fell, some said from a bullet discharged by the hand of Major Paulding himself.

The intense hatred felt by the people toward Blindberry, and the universal joy manifested at his fall, prompted some to make a public rejoicing on the event; and in order to express their uncompromising hostility to their foe, his body was hung before the assembled patriots of the district, amid their jeers and expressions of pleasure. Among the assembly was Mr. Fisher, who but a few hours before had so nearly fallen a victim to his cruelty.

Some little time after the preceding events, while Mr. Fisher was on another visit to his family, sudden word was brought, that the Tories were approaching. This, as before, was during the night. Mr. Fisher had reason to suppose that the object of this party was to secure his person, and it



became necessary to obtain a place of concealment. The most advantageous one that offered was beneath the flooring, which was loose, where was ample room for him, and where it was hoped the Tories would not think of looking for their enemy. Scarcely had he secreted himself, when the Tories appeared. They burst into the presence of Mrs. Fisher in a boisterous manner, and with brutal jests and extravagant threats demanded to be informed where her husband was. To these inquiries the undaunted woman deigned no reply.

"Come, give us a light," said the leader, "that we may ferret out your rebel husband's hiding-place. I'll swear that you've got him stowed away somewhere here."

"I have no light," was the calm reply. The difficulties of procuring stores sometimes left Whig families for weeks without the common necessities.

"Come, my woman, none of that!" broke in the Tory; "a light we want, and a light we must have; so, bring out your candles!"

"I have none," reiterated Mrs. Fisher.

The Tory, with an oath, drew a pistol, cocked it, and coming up to her, placed the muzzle in her face.

"Look here, my lady," said he, "we know that you've got your rebel of a husband somewhere

about here, and if you don't at once give us a candle, so that we may hunt out his hiding-place, I'll blow your brains out."

"I have told you," replied the lady, "that I have no candle; I cannot give you one, so you may blow my brains out the moment you please."

The heroic spirit that breathed in her words, and the firm look from her undaunted eye, convinced the Tory that she was not to be intimidated. They were compelled to make their search in the dark. After rummaging into every nook and corner in vain, they gave up their object. On several other occasions, Mr. Fisher had similar narrow escapes.

We cannot refrain from referring to one enterprise, in which Mr. Fisher was engaged, by which means fifteen Whigs put to flight over three hundred Hessians. The news of their approach was spread abroad, and the utmost consternation prevailed. The Hessians were always held in great terror by the country people. On this occasion they fled at their approach into the forests and other secure fastnesses. Coney Hill was the usual place of retreat on these alarms. This was a hill somewhat off from the main roads, and which was surrounded by narrow defiles, and reached only through dense thickets, while its rocky and irregular surface afforded a means of defence impregnable.

No fortress could have been more secure. All the inhabitants, therefore, retreated to this fastness, Mrs. Fisher alone, of all neighbors, venturing to remain within her own house.

The usual road travelled by the armies, that led north from White Plains, in one place, described a wide circuit, but there was a narrow, irregular road, sometimes used, that shortened the distance considerably. But this road was very dangerous to any large body of men. It led by the Coney Hill, which we have mentioned, and its whole length was through a rocky region, overgrown with tangled thickets of laurel, that would have afforded effectual protection and concealment to a body of assailants, and have made a small force formidable to a large one.

At a point on this road, therefore, Major Paulding and fifteen followers stationed themselves, with a belief, that from the irregular and incautious manner the Hessians were marching, they would be induced to lessen their route, by taking the shorter cut. The belief proved to be well founded. The spot where Major Paulding posted his ambuscade was one remarkably well adapted to that kind of warfare. It was where the road, passing through a defile, made a sudden turn around a huge rock, and where it was so narrow that six men could not pass

abreast, while the whole rising ground on either side was irregular, with rough, jagged rocks, and covered with a dense growth of laurel.

Stationed at different points, and protected by rocky battlements, the little band quietly awaited the coming of their enemy. At last they appeared, approaching carelessly, and with an utter want of military prudence. Not a sound nor a breath betrayed to them the presence of a foe. The rocks and laurel bushes gave forth no sign of the deadly messengers to be launched from their bosoms. Part of the Hessians had already passed the turn of the road, when suddenly, like a clap of thunder from an azure sky, an explosion burst from the flinty rocks that surrounded them, and several of their number pitched headlong to the earth. Those in front, panic-struck, fell back upon those in the rear, while those in the rear pressed forward, uncertain of the danger, and discharged their muskets into the thickets, but the bullets rebounded harmlessly from the rocky walls that inclosed their enemy. Another volley completed their panic. Terrified at the presence of an enemy that seemed to fight from the bowels of the earth, and unable to estimate the full extent of their danger, which their imagination greatly magnified, they gave a wild cry, and fled precipitately.

This event afforded the Whigs for a long time much merriment, particularly as it was accompanied with no loss to the little party who had given the Hessians their terrible fright. Mrs. Fisher was accustomed to give an amusing relation of the manner they appeared, as they flew by her house, each running at his utmost speed, with the tin canisters, and other numerous accoutrements with which the Hessian soldiers were always so plentifully provided, flying out in a straight line behind them.

The following incident admirably illustrates the presence of mind and the many resources of this courageous lady. One day, a Whig neighbor burst hastily into her presence, saying that he was pursued by a body of Tories, and if not concealed immediately, he was lost. It did not take a moment for Mrs. Fisher to decide upon her course. There was a large ash-heap just out of the back door, some four or five feet in height, and as many long. Seizing a shovel, she hastened to the spot, and in a moment a sufficient excavation was made, into which the fugitive crawled, and Mrs. Fisher covered him with the ashes, first taking the precaution to procure a quantity of quills, which she placed one into the other, so as to form a continuous tube, through which the man could breathe while remaining in his novel situation. Scarcely was this all accom-

plished, when the pursuers appeared, and questioned Mrs. Fisher sharply, at the same time examining the house and grounds. Several times during the search, Mrs. Fisher thought the hiding-place was about to be discovered; and when one of the party walked directly over the ash-heap, she gave up all for lost. But, finding no clue to their enemy, they departed, leaving him in safety, and overcome with gratitude to his preserver.

Mr. Fisher survived the war several years, and Mrs. Fisher lived until quite recently. She often entertained her descendants with stories of the olden times, to one of whom the editor is indebted for the above particulars.

VI.

THE MYSTERIOUS BROTHERS.

THERE is a portion of country between the Broad and Saluda rivers in South Carolina called the Dutch Fork. At the time of the Revolution, it was occupied, and perhaps is still, by descendants of its first settlers, who were emigrants from every part of Germany. In 1780, the region had all the characteristics of a Dutch colony, and it is curious to contrast our modern luxurious indulgence with the frugal fare and primitive habits of those worthy people. Tea or coffee formed no part of the usual morning repast; but on Sunday, the goodwife prepared a beverage that might have had a table spoonful infused into seven or eight gallons. Rolled cakes, or johnny-cake shortened, were the universal solid material for breakfast, meat of any kind being seldom used. But as a substitute for tea or coffee, a dish of soup, renewed every morning, though composed of the same materials, graced the head of the board. Occasionally, for change, a pot of mush was

prepared, and set on in a large pewter basin, with an opening made in the middle of the savory mess, large enough to contain a quart of sweet milk. Around this gathered all the rosy-cheeked urchins, each furnished with a large pewter spoon, and dexterously began to transfer, first the mush to the milk, and then the heaped and streaming spoonful to the mouth. It required great care and skill to manage this well, and although each by rule was to take a turn, it sometimes happened there was a pretty rough scramble to get at the pleasant mess, which at that day was considered a great treat.

The dress of the younger females for Sunday, was a petticoat of flax or cotton warp, filled in with woollen yarn of various shades and colors; the prevailing tints being green, red, yellow and blue. The yarn was dyed at home with leaves and flowers gathered from the forest; and weaved in the domestic loom; and the broader and brighter the stripes which ran through the cloth, the more beautiful it was thought to be. Over this petticoat, a gown was worn, with long or short sleeves, according to the wearer's fancy. The gown was left open in front for the space of half a yard, which opening was covered with a thin gauze apron, allowing the splendid stripes of the under garment to be plainly seen. White stockings and high-heeled shoes, and

a man's hat—odd enough, certainly—completed this singular costume, in which damsels might be seen tripping to church. The gallant that usually accompanied the damsel, wore a hunting-shirt or home-made coat, with breeches that fastened at the knees, and cotton stockings or a pair of woollen leggins, covering the leg to the shoe. Everybody wore articles of home manufacture, and to buy any article of clothing at a store was considered an unpardonable piece of affectation and extravagance.

Among the settlers at the Fork at the time of the Revolution were two brothers from Oldenwald, named John and Peter Setzler. The first was a gunsmith, and was called in the neighborhood "Rifle-maker;" the other, a tailor, had obtained the cognomen of "Schneider Peter." Indeed, nothing was more common than these sort of nicknames among the inhabitants of the Fork.

One evening, a party of scouts from the lower country was approaching the little settlement where the Setzlers lived. These scouts were a part of a gang of marauders, who belonged to neither party, but who roamed about, robbing and murdering according to their lawless and wicked will. The country had suffered exceedingly at their hands, until they became objects of incessant fear. The party of scouts on this occasion halted at the house of a farmer

called Abraham Chapman for refreshments; and in the brief conversation that ensued, their purpose to assault the house of one of the brothers, John Setzler, leaked out.

"I reckon I have seen you afore," said one of the Forkers, who had been standing by the horses' heads. "You come from the Fork between the Enoree and Tygar."

The ruffian laid his hand on his weapon, but on second thoughts nodded, and grinned a savage recognition to the person who seemed to know him, inly resolving that he should perish for it.

"You be going to the Rifle-maker's? Now, do you know who helps them fellows—him and his brother?" asked the Forker.

"The D——! I suppose!"

"Hush—not so loud; he may hear you! but it is the fact. I tell you, sirs, the whole country knows it."

"Knows what?"

"That nothing can ever succeed agin 'em. They have *the power*."

"*The power?*" and the marauders looked at each other anxiously, till the leader burst into a laugh.

"Ah! you had better take care!" said one of the lads belonging to the house. "You may be served like Metz and Ridlehober."

It was really true that the brothers Setzler were looked on with dread throughout that superstitious community, being supposed to possess supernatural gifts. Many strange and dark stories were told among the settlers, illustrating the imaginary powers bestowed upon them.

When questioned further, the boy continued—

"As I said, Ridlehober and Metz were determined to have some of Schneider Peter's splendid melons. There they was, ripe in the patch, and no one durst touch one on 'em!"

"I'd a made bold to ax him then!" observed another boy.

"And be huffed for your pains, and mebbe poisoned if he was the bad one's own sarvant!" returned the other. "Wall, as I was tellin' ye, they went that same night arter the melons. It was dark as pitch, and they mounted their colts and had their meal-bags to fetch the beautiful melons away for supper. Each on 'em crammed in as many as the bag would hold, and they carried the stuffed bags to the fence, and hoisted 'em to their shoulders to fling 'em over. But when they had got the bags up, they couldn't move to throw 'em over, nor to flop 'em down agin."

"Stuff!" cried the leader. "What held 'em?"

"Massy on ye! 'twas *the power!*" cried the lad,

and with a half groan of fear, his auditors looked around them.

"I tell ye truth; the Rifle-maker and Schneider Peter is both able to make any man stop still, and not move hand or foot—for as long as they please! It's not to be done in the day; for as soon as it began to be morning, Metz and the other fellow got back their strength like a flash o' lightnin'. But the old man had come out, and gin 'em a scoldin', and as he bade 'em begone, and come back no more, the day broke and they were free!"

The scouts begged their leader to take warning, and not attempt anything against these Mysterious Brothers: but he had heard they had money in the Rifle-maker's cabin, and he was determined to venture all risks. Though he laughed at their superstitious terrors, he was not free from their influence, but to drown them, he sprang to horse, and the party rode rapidly on.

The night was very dark, but a candle was burning in the house of the Rifle-maker. As they came up, the marauders drew a little back quite suddenly-for they saw the outline of the old man's head, sitting at the aperture which served for a window.

Their leader took no thought, but dashing up, sprang from his horse, and presented a pistol at the

old man's breast. "I want your hard money!" he cried, with a brutal oath.

"Take it!" said the deep hollow voice of the Rifle-maker. The scouts waited for the report of the pistol.

"Shoot!—why don't you shoot! you rascal?" cried the same deep voice.

There was no reply.

Without a word more, the scouts jerked about their horses, and fled as on the wings of the wind. Had they not beheld their leader paralyzed, as the dying gleam of the candle within had shown him with arm uplifted, but motionless, still pointing the weapon at the breast of his enemy! They believed he was under the influence of *the power!*

The assassin, the instant he presented his pistol, felt his arm seized with an iron gripe, and held fast in its first position. The pistol was wrenched from his hand; he was pushed violently backward, and fell on the ground. But he had strength left to regain his feet in an instant, and finding himself alone, he lost no time in vaulting upon his horse and tearing away—leaving his pistol in the hands of his foe.

The Rifle-maker laughed heartily, you may be sure, as he threw the weapon on the table. His presence of mind and enormous strength of arm, aided by

the superstitions of his assailants, had saved his life. The only *power* he had used was the power of his right arm. But this incident confirmed the marauders in the belief that these brothers were in possession of a mysterious power, obtained, they supposed, from the evil one; and they never afterward ventured to molest them. They were feared, in fact, more than a whole army of men, and the belief in their magic became universal. Is it not strange that men who could evince so little dread of the justice and vengeance of divine wrath above, could tremble like children before an imaginary evil? But the wicked are never truly brave—they fear every shadow, and tremble at every unusual sound.

VII.

THE CANADA EXPEDITION.

At the beginning of the war, Washington planned an expedition against Canada which was intrusted to the command of General Arnold. In September (1775) the preparations were completed, and the detachment embarked. It consisted of ten companies of musketeers and three companies of riflemen, amounting in all to about eleven hundred men, and two hundred batteaux, a kind of light, flat-bottomed boat much used in the northern waters and intended on this occasion to convey the army up the Kennebec River and its branches. The detachment began their march on the 13th instant, and on the 23d reached Fort Western on the Kennebec, at which point they paused, and the plan of the route through the wilderness agreed upon. It was resolved in the first place to send forward a small party of eight or ten men to search out and mark the Indian paths at the different carrying-paths on the river—that is, those points where, from

the shallowness of the water, the *batteau* would have to be taken from the water and conveyed by land around to the most navigable part of the river. The party were to proceed as far north as the Chaudiere, a river flowing into the St. Lawrence. Lieutenant Steele was in command of this party, which consisted additionally of eight persons, one of whom was John Joseph Henry, then only seventeen years of age, and from whose journal this account is derived. Henry was a native of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. "He had acquired a hardihood scarcely to have been expected from his youth, by having formerly travelled home from Detroit, across the wilderness (as it then was) with an uncle—on which occasion he subsisted for several days, between the Ohio and Sandusky rivers, upon acorns alone. Afterward, from an invincible love of military life, and of adventure, he had joined the Pennsylvanian troops, at the breaking out of the war, without his father's knowledge. We may be pardoned for tarrying here to remark that young Henry, though his early career was somewhat irregular, became in subsequent years a distinguished lawyer. He was appointed by the governor of Pennsylvania, in 1793, President of one of the judicial districts in that State—an office which he held for a period of seventeen years. He was compelled to abandon his mili-

tary life by a bad wound which he received in a fall on the ice during a skirmish before Quebec.

"These nine persons, with two others, employed as guides—composed the whole of the little party which left Fort Western on the 24th of September, in two birch-bark canoes, each carrying five or six men, a barrel of pork, a bag of meal, and two or three hundred pounds of biscuit. That evening they reached a ruinous old block-house, called Fort Halifax, twenty miles up the river, on a point of land in what is now the town of Winslow, and opposite to Waterville. Here a stanch old Whig, named Harrison, who lived near the fort, entertained the party with great kindness, and the commander of the place did them the further favor to exchange a barrel of smoked-dried salmon for one of their barrels of pork.

"The next day they are supposed to have gone seventeen miles to Schowhegan Falls. This was at that time a famous place for beavers, and they exchanged another quantity of their pork for two fresh beaver-tails—considered a very dainty article of food.

"Here was one of the carrying-places. The Indian path was found, and carefully marked by *blazing* the trees along the edges of it with a hatchet. The canoes were carried round on the shoul-

ders of the men—the weight resting in these cases, upon a broad straight stave, bound to the central cross bar of the canoe by a stout leather thong passing through two perforations, an inch or more apart, at the middle of the stave.

"The last white settlers met with by the party, were found at Norridgewock, five miles from the Falls, and beyond that place they entered an uninhabited wilderness, where, for fear of the Indians, it was thought prudent not to discharge their guns, however strong were the temptations presented by frequent flocks of fine ducks on the water, and herds of fat moose bounding across the greensward on the shore—

"'Through shade and sunny gleam.'

"About forty miles above Schowhegan, after passing Carriotunk Falls, they reached the great carrying-place (so called). Here the portage is twelve miles long; and the party, being willing to avoid this tedious route, struck off westwardly from the Kennebec for the Dead River—so named from the sluggishness of its current—which at this place was but twelve miles distant, while the distance to the *mouth* of the same river, up the Kennebec itself, was more than thirty. The great carrying-place is in the northern range of townships of what is

now called Bingham's Purchase, or the Millon Acres.

"Three considerable ponds lie on the route which was chosen here by Steele, and these facilitated the progress of his men not a little. The Indian path also was found tolerably distinct, and was made more so by *blazing*, and cutting the bushes with tomahawks. Still, so difficult was the journey, that it required one day for the travellers to reach the margin of the first pond, where, however, they were pretty well refreshed by a supper of delicious trout.

"Here it was determined, the next morning, to leave Clifton and McKonkey, with half the provisions, under orders to retire to the south end of the pond, and there remain concealed in some Robinson-Crusoe sort of retreat, until the return of the rest of the party, who expected to be absent some eight or ten days. That half of the provisions which this party were to take with them, was here divided among the men. Steele made as many divisions as there were men, in the presence of them all, and then directing one of the number to turn his back, asked him, as he laid his hand on a particular portion—'*whose shall this be?*'—and it was given to the one whose name he happened to mention.

This important arrangement being thus concluded,

the lieutenant and his men recommenced their journey, and at the end of two days more arrived at the banks of Dead River, where they made an encampment, and tarried long enough to allow themselves a little rest. Here was found the balsam fir in great abundance, and Getchel amused himself with teaching young Henry to gather the benefits of its medicinal juices. He pointed out to the lad the blisters on the bark, which yield the liquid, and instructed him to place the edge of a broad knife at the under side of the blister in the morning, and to receive the balsam by placing his mouth at the back part of the knife. This novel beverage was found to be a genuine cordial, and was thought to contribute considerably to the better health of the party.

"Leaving the camp October 2d, they ascended the river that day rapidly to the first falls, and made their beds there, as usual, of the branches of fir or spruce. Here it was judged necessary, as the distance to the Chaudiere was unknown, to economize in the provisions; and it was resolved thenceforth to eat but twice a day, and eat the pork raw. Their supper was to consist of half a biscuit, and half an inch square of pork. To this, however, were added occasional luxuries. During the two next days, for example, as they mounted the river,

they caught both trout and delicious chub. The river trout were pale, with pink spots, but they found some larger ones in a deep spring-head, which were of darker hue, with splendid spots of crimson. Further up, at the head of the river, they passed several small ponds, in the centre of one of which was a little island, of a quarter of an acre, covered over with a delicious species of cranberry, growing as large as a cherry, on a bush about ten feet high.

"When the party approached a place known as the residence of *Natanis*, an old hunter of the Norridgewock tribe of Indians, who was supposed to be in the English service, and had therefore become an object of much fear and suspicion, they stealthily surrounded his cabin, which stood on a bank some twenty yards from the river, with a grass plat extending around it, rather more than shooting distance with a rifle. In this solitary place, chosen no doubt for the convenience of hunting, and said to be just about half-way between the Canadian and American settlements, the Last of the Norridgewocks was passing the lonely years of his latter life. He had gathered some intimation of the approach of the white men, and considered it his safest policy to avoid them. They, however, did him great injustice in regarding him as their enemy. This afterward appeared from his joining the invading army

of Arnold on the river Chaudiere, with about forty of the Indians of the St. François (Canadian) tribe. Steele's party found also, a little above his wigwam, at the junction of a considerable stream from the west with Dead River, another evidence of the old man's kindness, in a piece of birch-bark, neatly folded up, and inserted into a split at the top of a stake driven into the sand at the water's edge. The bark, on opening, was found to furnish a rude but distinct *map* of the streams further up. So considerate had Natanis been for the welfare of his American friends, while at the same time he hovered about them, no doubt, without suffering himself to be seen, for fear of being killed!

"The weather was now growing cold, and the travellers put on warmer clothing. Henry wore a roundabout woollen jacket, a pair of half worn buckskin breeches, a hat with a feather, a hunting-shirt, leggins, and a pair of moccasins on his feet,—carrying also woollen stockings, and shoes, in reserve.

"But the end of this tedious tour was at hand. A range of highlands, long looked for, was at length descried from the fifth pond which they passed after leaving Dead River, and here, covering their canoes with leaves, they crossed over about five miles, by an Indian path, to the banks of the Chaudiere. This water was of course hailed with great rejoicing,

especially when Cunningham, having climbed a high tree, cried out that he saw before him, over a stretch of level country, some fifteen miles distant, the great Chaudiere Lake. This was probably the Nepels Lake (which communicates with the former by a stream a few miles long), but in either case the party had accomplished their purpose; and if the sight of the one water was at all more grateful than that of the other, to the weary eyes which had looked for both so long, it might well enough be said of the mistake—

'"Where ignorance is bliss,
'T is folly to be wise.'

"It was now about the 7th of October, as the sun was shedding his last beams over the highlands of the Chaudiere, that our travellers turning their faces homeward once more, set out for their return to the canoes. To prevent discovery by the Indians, they proceeded in 'Indian file,' all treading in the steps of the leader, and Getsels, one of the guides, bringing up the rear, and strewing leaves over the track with his feet. This walk in the dark, over a country so rough and difficult, was made none the pleasanter by a heavy rain, from which the party were protected, after reaching their encampment, only by a rude wigwam of the branches of fir.

Henry, who had fallen down a precipice, did not arrive till an hour after his friends.

"The rains, however, raised the waters of the streams and ponds several feet, and this improved the navigation so much that the return of the boats was easy and rapid. The last remnants of the pork and biscuit were consumed for supper the next day. About this time, a small duck, called a *diver*, having been shot, a consultation was called, and it was determined—with all the gravity of an Indian council, deciding on the fate of a captive white man—to boil the bird in the camp kettle, together with each man's last inch of pork, which was designated by a skewer of wood, run through it, and marked so as to indicate the owner. The broth thus made was the supper. The duck, divided into equal parts by the method—'*whose shall be this?*'—was the breakfast of next morning. Henry, for example, received one of the thighs, and Cunningham got the head and the feet.

"The next day great rejoicing was occasioned by the discovery of a *moose*—a matter worth more to them, as it has been well said, than a mountain of gold. Lieutenant Steele shot him as he pranced by on the northern bank, and the travellers raised, as the poor animal fell, a shout probably as vociferous as that of the soldiers of old Captain Church, about a cen-

tury before, at the time when King Philip was shot in a swamp by one of his own men. The old Irishman, one of the guides, seized upon the prize with as little ceremony as possible, and, before his comrades could guess his design, cut off the animal's nose and upper lip—great dainties among hunters—and placed them on the fire to roast. The others followed his example, and the whole night was passed in selecting, cooking, and consuming the titbits. Another moose was killed the next day, and here was plenty indeed, though the meat, after all, eaten without bread, salt or oil, was insufficient to satisfy the appetite, and even brought on a troublesome illness. On reaching Dead River again, some of it was *jerked*—an operation performed by cutting the meat into thin strips, and smoking it, over a fire, on a square rack of poles laid across each other at the height of four feet from the ground.

"At one time they were delayed several hours by injuries which the canoes received in running upon the limb of a tree in a river. But 'necessity is the mother of invention.' Birch bark was procured, and the roots of the cedar for twine, and the canoe was covered with pitch, made from the turpentine of the pine and the scrapings of the pork-bag.

"From the encampment at Dead River, Steele, with two others, went forward to look for the army, and

to their exceeding joy, they met with the advance party the same day. On the 16th of the month (October) the others, having jerked their meat, followed on, leaving their boats at the carrying-place, from inability to carry them. At a bog near the third pond from the Kennebec, they came up with some pioneers of the army, who were making a causeway. Cordial greetings were exchanged, and a feast provided on the occasion, at which due honor was rendered to an abundance of boiled pork and dumplings. Thus were the explorers brought together once more, after an absence of over three weeks from the main army.

"The army were about a month reaching the sources of the Dead River. Here disasters occurred, and a large quantity of provisions was lost by the filling of several of the batteaux. Quite a number of the army were sick, and they were sent back to Cambridge, and the residue, reduced to less than seven hundred men, resumed their march. They were still eighty or ninety miles from the Canadian settlements, and their provisions were nearly exhausted. They reached the Chaudiere by November 1st, in a great state of exhaustion, fatigued by the difficulties of their route, and suffering from an inadequate supply of food. In attempting to cross the Chaudiere, the current of which is very rapid, the word

itself denoting *boiler*, every boat put into the river was split or abandoned. And by this time a large number of the men were entirely out of provisions. They dug up roots and ate them raw. Young Henry spoke of being offered, as a great luxury, a little broth, called *bear's broth*, but which was probably made from a dog. Indeed, every dog in the army had already been consumed but one, which was a large and favorite animal belonging to Captain Dearborn. But to the urgent solicitations of the half-starved soldiers, he was given up and greedily devoured; even his entrails were consumed, and his bones pounded and made into broth. 'Moose-skin *moccasins* and *breeches* were boiled, and then broiled on coals and eaten. Even a barber's powder-bag was used up for soup.' And yet starvation was not prevented—many dying from the combined effects of hunger and fatigue. These indeed were times that tried men's souls. The sufferings of the heroes of that glorious war should never be forgotten; they should teach us how to prize the great result of the struggle—our national independence.

"The 3d of November was a memorable day for the little army, for, weary and hungry, as they moved down the river with their lingering train, their eyes were gladdened with the sight of *cattle*,

which Arnold with an advance party had procured for their relief, and which they were now driving up the shore. A loud shout ran along the line of the soldiery. Henry says, that just at this moment Captain Smith gave him a paper containing a slice of bacon-fat, which he devoured instantly. This especial kindness he probably owed to the compassion felt for his age, he being the youngest person in the army. The cattle were devoured to the very entrails.

"The fourth of the month was another remarkable day; for about noon, after fording the river De Loup, being within a few hundred yards from the mouth of this branch of the Chaudiere, they arrived at '*the first house*' in Canada, an object which must have been greeted by these wretched wanderers with a feeling that other men might vainly endeavor to conceive. There are but two or three houses, it is said, at the present time, on this same spot, and the one which the soldiers saw, is understood to be the same which has been recently occupied by Monsieur Hanna. This is believed to be still the 'first house in Canada,' to the traveller approaching that country from the south.

"In this vicinity the army was supplied with beef, fowls, butter, and vegetables, and several men lost their lives by the imprudent indulgence of their

appetite. Here the old hunter, Natanis, whom the soldiers had endeavored to capture and kill in his own house, joined the troops, with another Indian named Sabatis, and several younger members of their two families. Sabatis, particularly, proved useful as a guide.

"The march of the army, on the 5th, down the Chaudiere to St. Mary, was through a country altogether different from that previously passed, a flat and rich territory, sprinkled over with neat, white-washed houses, and here and there a Catholic chapel. Henry spoke of receiving in one of these houses 'a bowl of milk with excellent bread,' for which the host refused any compensation."

At nine o'clock on the evening of November 13th, Arnold reached the St. Lawrence. Early on the following morning, five hundred men were landed at Wolfe's Cove, on the opposite side. They ascended the precipice by an oblique path, and found themselves on the celebrated Heights of Abraham, overlooking Quebec. On December 1st, Arnold was joined by the gallant and ill-fated Montgomery, and the bombardment of the city commenced. The brave assault upon the city was made on the last day of the year, and proved unsuccessful. The American army was defeated, and the noble Montgomery fell.

Among the prisoners taken at this battle, was our adventurer, young Henry. He with many others were thrown in the Dauphin Jail, from which an ingenious attempt to escape was soon made, but unluckily failed.

"It seems that some of the prisoners, looking through the key-hole of the door of a small room at the stairhead of the jail, discovered a number of large iron hoops within. The door was forced, and several of them, with some other iron, obtained; and then they set about making rough swords with wooden handles, while spear-heads were fastened to splits of fir plank, about ten feet long, which had formed the bottoms of the lowest berths in the jail.

"It was proposed to escape by removing the bars of the windows, and by the cellar door, which opened inwards, the hinges and padlock being inside, and within their reach. After getting into the street, different parties were to attack the different guards, and then the buildings were to be set on fire as a signal to Arnold, who had already received information of the whole plan, by one of the prisoners escaping to his camp from the jail. The company was organized regularly for all these purposes, by choosing colonels, majors, captains, and so on, and dividing the prisoners into parties.

"As it was proposed to turn the cannon at the gates, if they should take any, against the city, powder would be wanted for matches. Some small gun-carriages were therefore made, and mounted with paper cannon, a few inches in length; and then embrasures being cut in the front boards of the berths on opposite sides of the room, mock battles were fought, and great merriment excited by the sport. Thus, as if for an innocent amusement alone, cartridges were obtained, and these were reserved for a more important use. A little money was received, also, from one of the charitable nuns who visited the prison, through an artifice which under the circumstances every one was willing to justify. When she was seen approaching, Dr. Gibson, who afterward served as surgeon in the army, and was a handsome young man with ruddy cheeks, was hurried into bed by his comrades, to play the part of a man sick with high fever. Being introduced, she crossed herself, whispered a benediction on the patient, and kindly poured the contents of her purse, twenty-four coppers, into his hand. The money went for powder instead of pills, and the manner of obtaining it excited the spirits of the prisoners not a little.

"Unfortunately, after so much pains being taken, this well-contrived plan was defeated by the impru-

dent haste of two young men, whose operations in cutting away the ice from the cellar door were overheard; and all the minutiæ of the design being afterward revealed by an Englishman who had deserted from Arnold's army, the whole party were put into bilboes (long bars of iron, to which ten men are fastened together by the feet) and suffered miserably, until the departure of the Americans, late in the spring of 1776. They were all sent home on parole in August, and reached New York city in September."

VIII.

THE INDIAN CAPTIVE.

THE particulars of the well-known massacre at Wyoming are, no doubt, familiar to our readers. It was, perhaps, the most bloody and terrible chapter in the history of the Revolution. A combined Indian and Tory force had flung itself upon the peaceful valley and murdered or made captive nearly all its unoffending inhabitants; its old and its young men, women, children, alike were either indiscriminately butchered or made prisoners. Among the prisoners made on that occasion was an infant child by the name of Frances Slocum. The story is a very strange one; we copy it from Mr. Lossing's very excellent work, "The Field Book of the Revolution." "I passed the evening," he says in his account of his visit to the Wyoming Valley, "with the venerable Joseph Slocum, whose family was among the sufferers in the Wyoming Valley. He related to me all the particulars of the capture and final discovery of his sister, Frances, and other incidents connected with

the sufferings of his family. His father was a Quaker, and was distinguished for his kindness to the Indians. He remained unharmed at the time of the invasion, and, while the torch was applied to the dwellings of others, his was left untouched. But his son, Giles, was in the battle. This, doubtless, excited the ire of the Indians, and they resolved on vengeance.

"Late in the autumn they were seen prowling about the house, which was situated about one hundred rods from the Wilkesbarre Fort. A neighbor named Kingsley had been made a prisoner, and his wife and two sons had a welcome home in Mr. Slocum's family. One morning the two boys were grinding a knife near the house, when a rifle-shot and a shriek brought Mrs. Slocum to the door. An Indian was scalping the eldest boy, a lad of fifteen, with the knife he had been grinding. The savage then went into the house, and caught up a little son of Mrs. Slocum. 'See!' exclaimed the frightened mother, 'he can do thee no good; he is lame.' The Indian released the boy, took up her little daughter, Frances, aged five years, gently in his arms, and seizing the younger Kingsley, hastened to the mountains. Two Indians who were with him carried off a black girl, about seventeen years old. Mr. Slocum's little daughter, aged nine years, caught up her brother

Joseph (my informant), two and a half years old, and fled in safety to the fort, where an alarm was given, but the savages were beyond successful pursuit.

"About six weeks afterward, Mr. Slocum and his father-in-law, Ira Tripp, were shot and scalped by some Indians while foddering cattle near the house. again the savages escaped with their horrid trophies. Mrs. Slocum, bereft of father, husband, and child, and stripped of all possessions but the house that sheltered her, could not leave the valley, for nine helpless children were yet in her household. She trusted in the God of Elijah, and, if she was not fed by the ravens, she was spared by the vultures. She mourned not for the dead, for they were at rest; but little Frances, her lost darling, where was she? The lamp of hope kept on burning, but years rolled by and no tidings of the little one came. When peace returned, and friendly intercourse with Canada was established, two of the little captive's brothers started in search of her. They traversed the wilderness to Niagara, offering rewards for her discovery, but all in vain. They returned to Wyoming, convinced that the child was dead. But the mother's heart was still the shrine of hope, and she felt assured that Frances was not in the grave. Her soul appeared to commune with that of her child, and she often

said, 'I know Frances is living.' At length the mother's heart was cheered; a woman (for many years had now passed, and Frances, if living, must be a full-grown woman) was found among the Indians, answering the description of the lost one. She only remembered being carried away from the Susquehanna. Mrs. Slocum took her home and cherished her with a mother's tenderness. Yet the mysterious link of sympathy which binds the maternal spirit to its offspring was unfelt, and the bereaved mother was bereaved still. 'It may be Frances, but it does not seem so. Yet the woman shall be ever welcome,' said Mrs. Slocum. The foundling also felt no filial yearnings, and, both becoming convinced that no consanguinity existed, the orphan returned to her Indian friends. From time to time the hope of the mother would be revived, and journeys were made to distant Indian settlements in search of the lost sister, but in vain. The mother went 'down into the grave, mourning,' and little Frances was almost forgotten. Her brothers had become aged men, and their grandchildren were playing upon the very spot whence she had been taken.

"In the summer of 1837, fifty-nine years after her capture, intelligence of Frances was received. Colonel Ewing, an Indian agent and trader, in a letter from Logansport, Indiana, to the editor of the

'Lancaster Intelligencer,' gave such information that all doubts respecting her identity were removed, and Joseph Slocum, with the sister who carried him to the fort, and yet survived, immediately journeyed to Ohio, where they were joined by their younger brother Isaac. They proceeded to Logansport, where they found Mr. Ewing, and ascertained that the woman spoken of by him lived about twelve miles from the village. She was immediately sent for, and toward evening the next day she came into the town, riding a spirited young horse, accompanied by her two daughters, dressed in full Indian costume, and the husband of one of them. An interpreter was procured (for she could not speak or understand English), and she listened seriously to what her brothers had to say. She answered but little, and at sunset departed for her home, promising to return the next morning. The brother and sister were quite sure that it was indeed Frances, though in her face nothing but Indian lineaments were seen, her color alone revealing her origin.

"True to her appointment, she appeared the following morning, accompanied as before. Mr. Joseph Slocum then mentioned a mark of recognition, which his mother had said would be a sure test. While playing one day with a hammer in a blacksmith's shop, Joseph, then a child two and a half years old, gave

Frances a blow upon the middle finger of the left hand, which crushed the bone and deprived the finger of its nail. This test Mr. Slocum had withheld until others should fail. When he mentioned it, the aged woman was greatly agitated, and, while tears filled the furrows of her face, she held out the wounded finger. There was no longer a doubt, and a scene of great interest ensued. Her affections for her kindred, that had slumbered half a century, were aroused, and she made earnest inquiries after her father, mother, brothers, and sisters. Her full heart—full with the cherished secrets of her history—was opened, and the story of her life freely given. She said the savages (who were Delawares), after taking her to a rocky cave in the mountains, departed for the Indian country. The first night was the unhappiest of her life. She was kindly treated, being carried tenderly in their arms when she was weary. She was adopted in an Indian family, and brought up as their daughter. For years she led a roving life, and loved it. She was taught the use of the bow and arrow, and became expert in all the employments of savage existence. When she was grown to womanhood both her Indian parents died, and she soon afterward married a young chief of the nation, and removed to the Ohio country. She was treated with more respect than the Indian

women generally; and so happy was she in her domestic relations, that the chance of being discovered and compelled to return among the whites was the greatest evil that she feared, for she had been taught that they were the implacable enemies of the Indians, whom she loved. Her husband died, and, her people having joined the Miamies, she went with them and married one of that tribe. The last husband was also dead, and she had been a widow many years. Children and grandchildren were around her, and her life was passing pleasantly away. When she concluded the narrative, she lifted her right hand in a solemn manner, and said, 'All this is as true as that there is a Great Spirit in the heavens!' She had entirely forgotten her native language, and was a pagan. To her, Christ and the Christian's Sabbath were unknown.

"On the day after the second interview, the brothers and sister, with the interpreter, rode out to her dwelling. It was a well-built log house, in the midst of cultivation. A large herd of cattle and sixty horses were grazing in the pastures. Everything betokened plenty and comfort, for she was wealthy, when her wants and her means were compared. Her annuity from government, which she received as one of the Miami tribe, had been saved, and she had about one thousand dollars in specie.

Her white friends passed several days very agreeably with her; and subsequently her brother Joseph, with his daughter, the wife of the Hon. Mr. Bennet of Wyoming, made her another visit, and bade her a last farewell. She died a few years ago, and was buried with considerable pomp, for she was regarded as a queen among her tribe."

IX.

THE LOVER'S REVENGE.

THE thrilling and sad tale which ensues is from the lips of an old soldier who was aware of the circumstances of the story, and witnessed its tragical termination.

At the close of a Sabbath day in the summer of 1780, the residents of a secluded farmhouse in Georgia were assembled at their evening repast. The circle was composed of a venerable farmer, his daughter-in-law, the widow of his son, and her only daughter, a blooming girl of seventeen years.

"I wonder," said the old man, with an arch look at the young girl, whose name was Kate, "I wonder where our young soldier is now."

Tears sprung to the eyes of Kate, and blushes mantled her cheek, and her mother exclaimed, "God preserve him!" The soldier was the young girl's cousin and betrothed husband, and at the mention of his name her secret grief at his absence and

the danger to which he was exposed, could not be repressed.

"Out with your tears, baby face! "cried her grandsire, cheerfully; "he will come home to you soon, nothing less than a captain. What! would you have him stay at home at such a time? Ah, if I did not feel the aches of seventy in my limbs, or if I could shake from my grey head a score of years, I would not now be sitting in the chimney-corner."

Kate, smiling at the old man's earnestness, brought him the Bible and his spectacles. Having listened to the evening portion, and joined in the fervent prayer, the peaceful family retired to rest.

The dwelling of John Cammel was situated on the side of a hill, at the foot of which ran a deep narrow stream that watered the valley. On the bank of this stream terminated the boundary of the farm, and the vale beyond was mostly a thick wood, where some new settlers had begun to clear small portions of the ground. The huts of these people were the only dwellings within some miles of Cammel's house, which was rendered the more retired by the thick shade of the numerous trees which grew around it. It was built in the plain style most suitable to a farmer; consisting of one story, divided into a parlor and three sleeping apartments, where the inmates lodged. The servants belonging immedi-

ately to the house, occupied the loft above; while the negroes who tilled the farm had their own cottages on the other side of the hill, nearly two miles from the dwelling. Kate and her mother slept in the back room, whose windows looked on the path which wound along the brow of the hill, as it led to the house. It was midnight, and Kate had sunk into an uneasy slumber, when she was startled from it by the indistinct sound of smothered voices. Unsuspicious of evil, and unwilling to awake her mother, she arose, and gently opened the window; she leaned out and listened; all was silent, and she saw nothing but the tall trees that stood smiling in the moonlight. She was withdrawing, when she suddenly perceived something gleam among the thick foliage of the old willow, whose branches trailed to the ground. She fixed her eye upon it—the wind gently waved the leaves—it was a bayonet which glanced in the moonbeam. At the same instant she saw one of the negroes running toward the house. "Shut the window," he cried, perceiving her; "the British are here." A mortal wound from a musket prevented his concluding. Kate had heard enough; she attempted to bar the shutters, but ere she could effect it, she heard the report of a gun, and felt its burning contents in her bosom. Darkness came over her, and for some moments she

lay insensible. The fresh air which blew from the window on her face, revived her; she crept to the bed to speak to her mother, but it was empty; and the sound of men's footsteps, deep execrations, and horrid oaths, struck her with terror. Amidst the noise and tumult, she distinguished the voice of her faithful nurse, calling from the upper window, and entreating her to come to the loft: "Quick, quick," repeated the woman. Kate rose, and with difficulty walked to the door. It was but to cross the hall and she would reach the stairs of the garret. She entered the hall, and was hastening through it, when she saw the inanimate body of a man lying across a chair. Another glance told her that it was her aged parent. She lingered an instant—but that instant decided her fate. The door of the parlor was opened, and an officer, with several soldiers, rushed into the hall. Approaching the affrighted girl, he addressed her in coarse and jeering terms. She sunk on her knees, and attempted to supplicate his mercy; he rudely grasped her arm, when extreme fear, combined with the agonies of her wound, burst the strings of life, and she expired at his touch. The officer threw her stiffening form from him with an exclamation of horror, and giving some order to his men, they quitted the house. But there was one who had been a trembling wit-

ness to his brutality; who had marked his countenance, as for a moment he stood with his head uncovered, and had heard the name by which the soldiers addressed him. The old negro, the husband of Kate's nurse, had ventured to descend the stairs to seek the ill fated girl, and had partly unclosed the door which shut him from the hall, when he beheld her situation, without the power of affording her assistance. He now hastened to raise her, and observing the blood which flowed from her bosom, he called to his wife to aid him in carrying her to the loft. But the volume of smoke that burst forth from every part of the house announced that the marauders had finished their dreadful errand. While the nurse supported the cold form of her foster child, the old man stole out to observe the motions of the enemy. They were marching silently up the hill, and the faithful servants, with their lifeless burden, fearfully descended to the stream, and crossing over a rough bridge, they followed a narrow path, which brought them in safety to the cottage of a young farmer, who readily opened his door to them.

Leonard Cammel had entered the army a private soldier, but his merit soon gained him promotion. He had just received a lieutenant's commission, and was appointed, in conjunction with myself, then of the same rank, to conduct an expedition, the plan

of which was unfolded to us by Colonel Clarke, our immediate commander. As a mark of favor, Leonard was permitted to stop at Cammel's farm for two hours, to see and converse with his friends. I could not but envy his feelings, as I looked on his glowing cheek and sparkling eye, and joined in his bright anticipations. At length we arrived at the farm, and entered the road which led to the place of Leonard's nativity. As we ascended a high hill, Leonard looked around, and turning pale said, "I do not see the house." We put the spur to our horses, and another moment brought us before the black and smothered ruin. The house was burnt to the ground, and some of the finest trees had shared its fate. The garden, which even in its desolation seemed to own a woman's taste, was trampled, and its flowers were crushed. A bower, which had been shaded by the white roses of the luxuriant multiflora, was levelled with the earth; yet the flowers still reared their pale heads, and perfumed the morning air.

"This is not the effect of accident," exclaimed Leonard, leaning against a tree, as if stunned by the shock, while the soldiers vented their anger in oaths and threats of vengeance.

"Where shall we seek your family?" I inquired.

"Not on earth, I fear," answered Leonard; yet

the eagerness with which he led the way to the cottage, showed that he still cherished hope. The old nurse was sitting at the entrance of the hut as we approached; at the sight of Leonard she wrung her hands, and weeping bitterly, cried, "You have come too late."

"Where is Kate and my grandfather?" was Leonard's eager inquiry; and, without waiting her answer, he rushed into the house. I followed him, and beheld stretched on the bed the lifeless form of a young female; her white arms were crossed on her bosom—her beautiful features were not only convulsed by the agony of death, but of mental terror—and her long brown hair, which flowed over her form, was in some places clotted with blood. It was only by speaking of revenge, and urging the imperious calls of duty, that I was enabled to tear the wretched youth from the corpse of his murdered love. Before he departed, he ascertained the name of the officer who had commanded these fiends. I was not surprised, when the negro, after detailing the whole scene, mentioned the name of G——. "You will easily know him," he continued, "by a scar which covers his cheek."

"I shall know him," said Leonard, bitterly; and his deportment then changed from deep dejection to a fierce and feverish eagerness of manner. We

were successful in our errand, and, after a few days' absence, rejoined Colonel Clarke. One morning, as I was sitting alone, Leonard came to my tent, his face lighted up with a joyful, but ferocious expression. Before I could speak, he exclaimed, "Have you heard the order? we are to attack the fort."

"Who defends it?" I asked.

"Who? G——." Alarmed at his fierceness, I said, "What do you think of, my friend?" Grasping his sword, while his brow crimsoned with rage, he replied, "Of the smoking ruin, and stiff corpse I left behind me."

Colonel G—— was obliged to surrender to our superior force. As at the head of his men, he walked from the fort between the ranks of his conqueror, a musket ball whistled through the air; it was aimed by an unerring hand, and he fell to the ground, a dead man. Although every exertion was used, it was never discovered who was the murderer. I dared not question Leonard, but the calm sternness of his countenance spoke of satisfied revenge. Once I ventured to deplore the event, as a stain upon our honor. "Would he had died in battle; he had trusted to our faith; he was unarmed; to harm him then, was faithless and unmerciful." "He showed her no mercy," said Leonard, in a voice which made me shudder.

X.

ADVENTURES OF THE BROTHERS SAMMONS.

THE following very interesting and extraordinary adventures of Thomas and Frederick Sammons are drawn from Colonel Stone's "Border Wars of the American Revolution" a more deeply absorbing and wonderful story of escape by "flood and field" the history of adventure rarely affords.

Jacob Sammons, and his four sons, were celebrated in the border warfare of the Mohawk valley, as active and intrepid rebels. The whole family, with the exception of one son who was absent at the time, were taken prisoners by Sir John Johnson, in his descent on Johnstown, near which place the Sammons resided.

"On the night of the attack, Thomas, the youngest, had risen at an unwonted hour, in order to feed his horses, and go over to a neighboring farm to work with his brother. On coming down stairs, however, and stepping out of doors half

dressed, to take an observation of the weather—it being yet dark, though day was just breaking—the thought occurred to him, that should any straggling Indians be prowling about, he would stand but a poor chance if fallen upon alone. While standing thus in doubt, whether to proceed or to wait for more light, he was startled by a noise of heavy steps behind, and, as he turned, by the glitter of steel passing before his eyes. At the same instant, a hand was laid upon his shoulder, with the words—

you are my prisoner!' In such perfect stillness had the enemy approached, that not the sound of a footstep was heard, until the moment when the younger Sammons was thus arrested, and the house immediately surrounded. One of the officers, with several soldiers, instantly entered the house, and ordered the family to get up, and surrender themselves as prisoners. Jacob and Frederick, who were in bed, in the second story, sprang upon their feet immediately, and seized their arms. The officer called to them and offered quarter if they would surrender. Jacob inquired whether there were Indians with them; adding, that if there were, he and his brother would not be taken alive. On being assured to the contrary, the brothers descended the stairs and surrendered. The old gentleman was also taken. They were directed to make ready to

march immediately. Thomas here remarked to the soldier who yet stood sentinel over him, that he could not travel to Canada without his clothes, and especially without his shoes, which he had not yet put on—requesting liberty to return to his chamber for his raiment. The sentinel refused permission; but Thomas persisted that he must obtain his shoes at least, and was stepping toward the door, when the barbarian made a plunge at his back with his bayonet, which had proved fatal, but for the quick eyes and the heroism of a sister, standing by, who, as she saw the thrust at her brother, sprang forward, and seizing the weapon, threw herself across its barrel, and by falling, brought it to the ground. The soldier struggled to disengage his arms and accomplish his purpose. At the same time, an officer stepped forward, and demanded what was the matter. The girl informed him of the attempt upon her brother, whereupon he rebuked the soldier, by the exclamation—'You rascal, would you murder the boy?' Immediate permission was then given him to procure whatever articles he wanted.'

"With their arms pinioned behind them, the prisoners commenced their march. The course of the Tories was one uninterrupted outrage. Houses burned, prisoners made, helpless age and smiling infancy brutally murdered, and property of all

kinds recklessly destroyed. They continued along the Mohawk Valley, for several miles, burning and destroying, and then retraced their steps to Johnstown. Here an English lady interested herself successfully for some of the prisoners, with Sir John, and in going into the field to select them, she managed adroitly to include young Sammons in the group, for whom an interest had been excited in her bosom. The elder Sammons was also released, having privately made an appeal to the baronet, based upon early associations and services rendered to him, to which Sir John yielded. Jacob and Frederick Sammons, however, were continued in captivity. The march was resumed, and the captives marched to St. John's, and from thence transferred to the fortress of Chamblee.

"The prisoners at this fortress numbered about forty. On the day after their arrival, Jacob Sammons, having taken an accurate survey of the garrison, and the facilities of escape, conceived the project of inducing his fellow prisoners to rise upon the guards and obtain their freedom. The garrison was weak in number, and the sentinels less vigilant than is usual among good soldiers. The prison doors were opened once a day, when the prisoners were visited by the proper officer, with four or five soldiers. Sammons had observed where the arms

of the guards were stacked in the yard, and his plan was, that some of the prisoners should arrest and disarm the visiting guard, on the opening of their door, while the residue were to rush forth, seize the arms, and fight their way out. The proposition was acceded to by his brother Frederick, and one other man named Van Sluyck, but was considered too daring by the great body of the prisoners to be undertaken. It was therefore abandoned, and the brothers sought afterward only for a chance for escaping by themselves.

"Within three days, the desired opportunity occurred, viz. on the 13th of June, 1780. The prisoners were supplied with an allowance of spruce beer, for which two of their number were detached daily, to bring the cask from the beer-house, under a guard of five men, with fixed bayonets. Having reason to suppose that the arms of the guards, though charged, were not primed, the brothers so contrived matters as to be taken together to the brewery on the day mentioned, with an understanding that, at a given point, they were to dart from the guard, and run for their lives—believing that the confusion of the moment, and the consequent delay of priming their muskets by the guards, would enable them to escape beyond the ordinary range of musket shot. The project was boldly executed. At the concerted mo-

ment, the brothers sprang from their conductors, and stretched across the plain with great fleetness. The alarm was given, and the whole garrison was soon after them in hot pursuit. Unfortunately for Jacob, he fell into a ditch, and sprained his ankle. Perceiving this accident, Frederick returned to his assistance; but the other generously admonished him to secure his own flight if possible, and leave him to the chances of war. Recovering from his fall, and regardless of the accident, Jacob sprang forward again, with as much expedition as possible, but finding the lameness impeded his progress, he plunged into a thick clump of shrubs and trees, and was fortunate enough to hide himself between two logs, before the pursuers came up. Twenty or thirty shots had previously been fired upon them, but without effect. In consequence of the smoke of their fire, probably, the guards had not observed Jacob when he threw himself into the thicket, and supposing that, like his brother, he had passed around it, they followed on, until they were fairly distanced by Frederick, of whom they lost sight and trace. They returned in about half an hour, halting by the bushes, in which the other fugitive was sheltered, and so near, that he could distinctly hear their conversation. The officer in command was Capt. Steele. On calling his men together, some were

swearing, and others laughing at the race, and the speed of the 'long-legged Dutchmen,' as they called the flying prisoners. The pursuit being abandoned, the guards returned to the fort.

"The brothers had agreed, in case of separation, to meet at a certain spot at 10 o'clock that night. Of course Jacob lay ensconced in the bushes until night had dropped her sable curtains, and until he supposed the hour had arrived, when he sallied forth, according to the antecedent understanding. But time did not move as rapidly on that evening as he supposed. He waited upon the spot designated, and called aloud for Frederick, until he despaired of meeting him, and prudence forbade him remaining any longer. It subsequently appeared that he was too early on the ground, and that Frederick made good his appointment.

"Following the bank of the Sorel, Jacob passed Fort St. John's soon after daybreak, on the morning of the 14th. His purpose was to swim the river at that place, and pursue his course homeward, through the wilderness on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain; but, just as he was preparing to enter the water, he descried a boat approaching from below, filled with officers and soldiers of the enemy. Concealing himself again in the woods, he resumed his journey after their departure, but had not pro-

ceeded more than two or three miles, before he came upon a party of several hundred men, engaged in getting out timber for the public works at the fort. To avoid these, he was obliged to describe a wide circuit, in the course of which, at about 12 o'clock, he came to a small clearing. Within the inclosure was a house, and in the field were a man and a boy engaged in hoeing potatoes. They were at that moment called to dinner, and supposing them to be French, who, he had heard, were rather friendly to the American cause than otherwise—incited also by hunger and fatigue—he made bold to present himself, trusting that he might be invited to partake of their hospitality. But instead of a friend, he found an enemy. On making known his character, he was roughly received. 'It is by such villains as you are,' replied the forester, 'that I was obliged to fly from Lake Champlain.' 'The rebels,' he added, 'had robbed him of all he possessed, and he would now deliver his self-invited guest to the guard, which,' he said, 'was not more than a quarter of a mile distant.' Sammons promptly answered him that 'that was more than he could do!' The refugee then said 'he would go for the guard himself;' to which Sammons replied, 'that he might act as he pleased, but that all the men in Canada should not make him again a prisoner.'

"The man thereupon returned with his son to the potatoe field, and resumed his work, while his more compassionate wife gave him a bowl of bread and milk, which he ate sitting on the threshold of the door, to guard against surprise. While in the house, he saw a musket, powder horn, and bullet pouch hanging against the wall, of which he determined, if possible, to possess himself, that he might be able to procure food during the long and solitary march before him. On retiring, therefore, he travelled only far enough into the woods for concealment—returning to the woodman's house in the evening, for the purpose of obtaining the musket and ammunition. But he was again beset by imminent peril. Very soon after he entered the house, the sound of approaching voices were heard, and he took to the rude chamber for security, where he lay flat upon the irregular floor, and looking through the interstices, saw eleven soldiers enter, who, it soon appeared, came for milk. His situation was now exceedingly critical. The churlish proprietor might inform against him or a single movement betray him. But neither circumstance occurred. The unwelcome visitors departed in due time, and the family all retired to bed, excepting the wife, who, as Jacob descended from the chamber, refreshed him with another bowl of milk. She endeavored to persuade

him, to secrete himself in the woods for two days, when she would be enabled to furnish him with some provisions, for a supply of which her husband was going to the fort the next day, and she would likewise endeavor to provide him with a pair of shoes.

"Disinclined to linger so long in the country of the enemy, and in the neighborhood of a British fort, he took his departure forthwith. But such had been the kindness of the good woman, that he had it not in his heart to seize upon her husband's arms, and he left this wild scene of rustic hospitality without supplies, and without the means of procuring them. Arriving once more at the water's edge, at the lower end of Lake Champlain, he came upon a hut, within which, on cautiously approaching it for reconnoissance, he discovered a party of soldiers all soundly asleep. Their canoe was moored by the shore, into which he sprang, and paddled himself up the lake, under the most encouraging prospect of a speedy and comparatively easy voyage to its head, whence his return home would be unattended with either difficulty or danger. But his pleasing anticipations were extinguished on the night following, as he approached the Isle au Noix, where he descried a fortification, and the glitter of bayonets bristling in the air, as the moonbeams played upon the burnished arms of the sentinels, who were

pacing their tedious rounds. The lake being very narrow at this point, and perceiving that both sides were fortified, he thought the attempt to shoot his canoe between them rather too hazardous an experiment. His only course, therefore, was to run ashore and resume his travels on foot. Nor on landing, was his case in any respect enviable. Without shoes, without food, and without the means of obtaining either—a long journey before him, through a deep and trackless wilderness—it may well be imagined that his mind was not cheered by the most agreeable anticipations. But without pausing to indulge unnecessarily his 'thick coming fancies,' he commenced his solitary journey, directing his course along the eastern lake shore, toward Albany. During the first four days of his progress, he subsisted entirely upon the bark of the birch—chewing the twigs as he went. On the fourth day, while resting by a brook, he heard a rippling of the water caused by the fish as they were stemming its current. He succeeded in catching a few of these, but having no means of striking a fire, after devouring one of them raw, the others were thrown away.

"His feet, by this time, were cruelly cut, bruised, and torn by thorns, breirs, and stones; and while he could scarcely proceed by reason of their sore-

ness, hunger and fatigue united to retard his cheerless march. On the fifth day, his miseries were augmented by the hungry swarms of mosquitoes, which settled upon him in clouds, while traversing a swamp. On the same day, he fell upon the nest of a black duck—the duck sitting quietly upon her eggs until he came up and caught her. The bird was no sooner deprived of her life, and her feathers, than he devoured the whole, including its head and feet. The eggs were nine in number, which Sammons took with him; but on opening one, he found a little half-made duckling, already alive. Against such food his stomach revolted, and he was obliged to throw the eggs away.

"On the tenth day, he came to a small lake. His feet were now in such a horrible state, that he could scarcely crawl along. Finding a mitigation of pain, by bathing them in water, he plunged his feet into the lake, and lay down upon its margin. For a time it seemed as though he could never rise upon his feet again. Worn down by hunger and fatigue—bruised in body and wounded in spirit—in a lone wilderness, with no eye to pity and no human aid to protect—he felt as though he must remain in that spot until it should please God, in his goodness, to quench the dim spark of life that remained. Still he was comforted, in some measure, by the

thought that he was in the hands of a Being without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls to the ground.

"Refreshed at length, though to a trifling degree, he resumed his weary way, when on raising his right leg on the trunk of a fallen tree he was bitten in the calf by a rattlesnake. Quick as a flash, with his pocket knife, he made an incision in his leg, removing the wounded flesh to a greater depth than the fangs of the serpent had penetrated. His next business was to kill the venomous reptile, and dress it for eating; thus appropriating the enemy that had sought to take his life, to its prolongation. His first meal was made from the heart and fat of the serpent. Feeling somewhat strengthened by the repast, and finding, moreover, that he could not travel further in his present condition, he determined to remain where he was for a few days, and by repose, and feeding on the body of the snake, recruit his strength. Discovering also, a dry fungus upon the trunk of a maple tree, he succeeded in striking a fire, by which his comforts were essentially increased. Still he was obliged to creep upon his hands and knees to gather food, and gather fuel, and on the third day, he was in such a state of exhaustion, as to be utterly unable to proceed. Supposing that death was inevitable and very near, he crawled to the foot of a tree, upon the bark of

which he commenced inscribing his name—in the expectation that he should leave his bones there, and in the hopes that, in some way, by the aid of the inscription, his family might ultimately be apprised of his fate. While engaged in this sad work, a cloud of painful thoughts crowded upon his mind; the tears involuntarily stole down his cheeks, and before he had completed the melancholy task, he fell asleep.

"On the fourth day of his residence at this place, he began to gain strength, and as a part of the serpent yet remained, he determined upon another effort to resume his journey. But he could not do so without devising some substitute for shoes. For this purpose he cut up his hat and waistcoat, binding them upon his feet—and thus he hobbled along. On the following night, while lying in the woods, he became strongly impressed with a belief that he was not far distant from a human habitation. He had seen no indications of proximity to the abode of man; but nevertheless, he was so confident of the fact, that he wept with joy. Buoyed up and strengthened by this impression, he resumed his journey on the following morning; and in the afternoon, it being the 28th of June, he reached a house in the town of Pittsford, in the New Hampshire Grants—now forming the State of Vermont. He

remained there for several days, both to recruit his health, and if possible, to gain intelligence of his brother. But no tidings came; and as he knew Frederick to be a capital woodsman, he, of course, concluded that sickness, death, or recapture, must have interrupted his journey. Procuring a conveyance, Jacob travelled to Albany, and thence to Schenectady, where he had the happiness of finding his wife and family."

NARRATIVE OF FREDERICK SAMMONS.

"Not less interesting, nor marked by fewer vicissitudes, were the adventures of Frederick Sammons. The flight from the fort at Chamblee was made just before sunset, which accounts for the chase having been abandoned so soon. On entering the edge of the woods, Frederick encountered a party of Indians returning to the fort, from fatigue duty. Perceiving that he was a fugitive, they fired, and called out—'we have got him!' In this opinion, however, they were mistaken; for although he had run close upon before perceiving them, yet being, like Ashael of old, swift of foot, by turning a short corner, and increasing his speed, in ten minutes he was entirely cleared of the party. He then sat down to rest, the blood gushing from his nose, in

consequence of the extent to which his physical powers had been taxed. At the time appointed, he also had repaired to the point which, at his separation from Jacob, had been agreed upon as the place of meeting. The moon shone brightly, and he called loud and often for his brother—so loud indeed, that the guard was turned out in consequence. His anxiety was very great for his brother's safety; but in ignorance of *his* situation, he was obliged to attend to his own. He determined, however, to approach the fort—so near it, at least, as he could venture—and in the event of meeting any one, disguise his own character by inquiring whether the rebels had been taken. But a flash from the sentinel's musket, the report, and the noise of a second pursuit, compelled him to change the direction of his march, and proceed again with all possible speed. It had been determined by the brothers to cross the Sorel, and return on the east side of the river and lake; but there was a misunderstanding between them, as to the point of crossing the river—whether above or below the fort. Frederick repaired to what he supposed to be the designated place of crossing, below the fort, where he lingered for his brother until near morning. At length, having found a boat, he crossed over to the eastern shore, and landed just at the cock

crowing. He proceeded directly to the barn where the supposed chanticleer had raised his voice, but found not a fowl on the premises. The sheep looked too poor by the dim twilight, to serve his purpose of food, but a bullock presenting a more favorable appearance, Frederick succeeded in cutting the unsuspecting animal's throat, and severing one of the hind quarters from the carcass, he shouldered and marched off with it directly into the forest. Having proceeded to a safe and convenient distance, he stopped to dress his beef, cutting off what he supposed would be sufficient for the journey, and forming a knapsack from the skin, by the aid of bark pulled from a tree.

"Resuming his journey, he arrived at the house of a French family, within the distance of five or six miles. Here he made bold to enter, for the purpose of procuring bread and salt, and in the hope also of obtaining a gun and ammunition. But he could neither obtain provisions, nor make the people understand a word he uttered. He found means, however, to prepare some tinder, with which he re-entered the woods, and hastened forward in a southern direction, until he ascertained by the firing of the evening guns, that he had passed St. John's. Halting for the night, he struck a light; and having kindled a fire, occupied himself till morning in dry-

ing and smoking his beef, cutting it into slices for that purpose. His knapsack of raw hide was cured by the same process. Thus prepared, he proceeded onward, without interruption or adventure, until the third day, when he killed a fawn and secured the venison. He crossed the Mirooski, or Onion River, on the next day; and having discovered a man's name carved upon a tree, together with the distance from the lake (Champlain), eight miles, he bent his course for its shores, when he found a canoe with paddles. There was now a prospect of lessening the fatigue of his journey; but his canoe had scarce begun to dance upon the waters, ere it parted asunder, and he was compelled to hasten ashore and continue his march by land.

"At the close of the seventh day, and when, as he supposed, he was within two days' travel of a settlement, he kindled his fire, and lay down to rest in health and spirits. But ere the dawn of day, he awoke with racking pains, which proved to be an attack of pleurisy. A drenching rain came on, continuing three days; during which time he lay helpless, in dreadful agony, without fire or shelter, or sustenance of any kind. On the fourth day, his pain having abated, he attempted to eat a morsel, but his provisions had become too offensive to be swallowed. His thirst being intense, he fortunately discovered a

pond of water near by, to which he crawled. It was a stagnant pool, swarming with frogs—another providential circumstance, inasmuch as the latter served him for food. Too weak, however to strike a light, he was compelled to devour them raw, and without dressing of any kind. Unable to proceed, he lay in this wretched condition fourteen days. Supposing that he should die there, he succeeded in hanging his hat upon a pole, with a few papers, in order that if discovered, his fate might be known. He was lying upon a high bluff, in full view of the lake, and at no great distance therefrom. The hat thus elevated served as a signal, which saved his life. A vessel sailing past descried the hat, and sent a boat ashore to ascertain the cause. The boatmen discovered the body of a man yet living, but senseless and speechless, and transferred him to the vessel. By the aid of medical attendance, he was slowly restored to his reason, and having informed the captain who he was, had the rather uncomfortable satisfaction of learning that he was on board of an enemy's ship, and at that moment lying at Crown Point. Here he remained sixteen days, in the course of which time he had the gratification to hear, from a party of Tories coming from the settlements, that his brother Jacob had arrived safe at Schenectady, and joined his family. He was also apprised of Jacob's sufferings, and the

bite of the serpent, which took place near Otter Creek, close by the place where he had been himself so long sick. The brothers were, therefore, near together at the time of the greatest peril and endurance of both.

"Frederick's recovery was very slow. Before he was able to walk, he was taken to St. John's, and thence, partly on a wheelbarrow and partly in a calash, carried back to his old quarters at Chamblee—experiencing much rough usage by the way. On arriving at the fortress, the guards saluted him by the title of Captain Lightfoot, and there was great joy at his recapture. It was now about the first of August. As soon as his health was sufficiently recovered to bear it, he was heavily ironed, and kept in close confinement at that place, until October, 1782—fourteen months, without once beholding the light of the sun. Between St. John's and Chamblee he had met a British officer with whom he was acquainted, and by whom he was informed that severe treatment would be his portion. Compassionating his situation, however, the officer slipped a guinea and a couple of dollars into his hand, and they moved on.

"No other prisoners were in irons at Chamblee, and all but Sammons were taken upon the parade ground twice a week for the benefit of fresh air.

The irons were so heavy and so tight, as to wear into the flesh of his legs; and so incensed was Captain Steele, the officer of the 32d regiment, yet commanding the garrison at Chamblee, at the escape of his prisoner, that he would not allow the surgeon to remove the irons to dress the wounds of which they were the cause, until a peremptory order was procured for that purpose, from General St. Leger, who was then at St. John's. The humanity of the surgeon prompted this application of his own accord. Even then, however, Steele would only allow the leg bolts to be knocked off—still keeping on the hand-cuffs. The dressing of his legs was a severe operation. The iron had eaten to the bone, and the gangrened flesh was of course to be removed. One of the legs ultimately healed up, but the other never became entirely well.

"In the month of November, 1781, the prisoners were transferred from Chamblee to an island in the St. Lawrence, called at that time Prison Island—situated in the rapids, some distance above Montreal. Sammons was compelled to travel in his hand-cuffs, but the other prisoners were not thus encumbered. There were about two hundred prisoners on the island, all of whom were very closely guarded. In the spring of 1782, Sammons organized a conspiracy with nine of his fellow prisoners, to make their es-

cape by seizing a provision boat, and had well-nigh effected their object. Being discovered, however, their purpose was defeated, and Sammons, as the ringleader, once more placed in irons. But at the end of five weeks the irons were removed, and he was allowed to return to his hut.

"Impatient of such protracted captivity, Frederick was still bent on escaping, for which purpose he induced a fellow prisoner, by the name of M'Mullen, to join him in the daring exploit of seeking an opportunity to plunge into the river, and taking their chance of swimming to the shore. A favorable moment for attempting the bold adventure was afforded on the 17th of August. The prisoners having, to the number of fifty, been allowed to walk to the foot of the island, but around the whole of which a chain of sentinels was extended, Sammons and M'Mullen, without having conferred with any one else, watching an opportunity when the nearest sentinel turned his back upon them, quietly glided down beneath the shelving rock, and plunged into the stream—each holding up and waving a hand, in token of farewell to their fellow prisoners, as the surge swept them rapidly down the stream. The sentinel was distant about six rods when they threw themselves into the river, and did not discover their escape until they were beyond the reach of any

molestation he could offer them. Three-quarters of a mile below the island the rapids were such as to heave the river into swell, too large for boats to encounter. This was a frightful part of their voyage. Both, however, were expert swimmers, and by diving as they approached each successive surge, both succeeded in making the perilous passage—the distance of this rapid being about one hundred and fifty rods. As they plunged successively into these rapids, they had little expectation of meeting each other again in this world. But a protecting Providence ordered it otherwise, and they emerged from the frightful billows quite near each other. 'I am glad to see you,' said Sammons to his friend; 'I feared we should not meet again.' 'We have had a merry ride of it,' replied the other; 'but we could not have stood it much longer.'

"The adventurous fellows attempted to land about two miles below the island, but the current was so violent as to baffle their purpose, and they were driven two miles further, when they happily succeeded in reaching the land, at a place on the north side of the St. Lawrence, called by the Canadians 'The Devil's Point.' A cluster of houses stood near the river, into some of which it was necessary the fugitives should go to procure provisions. They had preserved each a knife and tinder-box in their

waistcoat pockets, and one of the first objects, after arming themselves with substantial clubs, was to procure a supply of tinder. This was effected by boldly entering a house and rummaging an old lady's work-basket. The good woman, frightened at the appearance of the visitors, ran out and alarmed the village—the inhabitants of which were French. In the meantime, they searched the house for provisions, fire-arms, and ammunition, but found none of the latter, and only a single loaf of bread. They also plundered the house of a blanket, blanket-coat, and a few other articles of clothing. By this time, the people began to collect in such numbers, that a precipitate retreat was deemed advisable. M'Mullen, being seized by two Canadians, was only released from their grasp by the well-directed blows of Frederick's club. They both then commenced running for the woods, when Sammons, encumbered with his luggage, unluckily fell, and the loaf rolled away from him. The peasants now rushed upon them, and their only course was to give battle, which they prepared to do in earnest; whereupon, seeing their resolution, the pursuers retreated almost as rapidly as they advanced. This demonstration gave the fugitives time to collect and arrange their plunder, and commence their travels anew. Taking to the woods, they found a resting-place, where they halted

until nightfall. They then sallied forth once more in search of provisions, with which it was necessary to provide themselves before coming to the south side of the river, where, at that day, there were no settlements. The cattle fled at their approach; but they at length came upon a calf in a farmyard, which they captured, and appropriating to their own use and behoof a canoe moored in the river, they embarked with their prize, to cross over to the southern shore; but alas! when in the middle of the stream, their paddle broke, and they were in a measure left to the mercy of the flood, which was hurrying them onward, as they well knew, toward the rapids or falls of the Cedars. There was an island above the rapids, from the bank of which a tree had fallen into the river. Fortunately, the canoe was swept by the current into the branches of this tree-top, among which it became entangled. While struggling in this predicument, the canoe was upset. Being near shore, however, the navigators got to land without losing the calf. Striking a fire, they now dressed their veal, and on the following morning, by towing their canoe along the shore, to the south edge of the island, succeeded in crossing to their own side of the river. They then plunged directly into the unbroken forest, extending from the St. Lawrence to the Sacondaga, and after a journey of twelve days

of excessive hardship, emerged from the woods within six miles of the point for which, without chart or compass, Sammons had laid his course. Their provisions lasted but a few days, and their only subsequent food consisted of roots and herbs. The whole journey was made almost in a state of nudity, both being destitute of pantaloons. Having worn out their hats upon their feet, the last three days they were compelled to travel bare-footed. Long before their journey was ended, therefore, their feet were dreadfully lacerated and swollen. On arriving at Schenectady, the inhabitants were alarmed at their wild and savage appearance—half naked, with lengthened beards and matted hair. The people at length gathered round them with strange curiosity; but when they made themselves known, a lady named Ellis rushed through the crowd to grasp the hand of Frederick, and was so much affected at his altered appearance that she fainted and fell. The welcome fugitives were forthwith supplied with whatever food and raiment was necessary; and young Sammons soon joined his family, who had long given him up as lost, and who now received him with unspeakable joy, as one who had arisen from the dead."

Jacob Sammons died in 1810. Frederick and Thomas Sammons have since figured in the affairs

of their country. Thomas for several years represented his native county, Montgomery, in Congress; and in 1836, Frederick was chosen as elector for President and Vice-President. A few years since, they were both alive, and were highly respected and "prosperous gentlemen."

XI.

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER DEFENDER.

When the English army was in possession of Philadelphia, in 1777, under Lord Howe, the situation of the American residents was in many particulars exceedingly distressing. They were exposed to insult and oppression; compelled to submit to the laws and contribute to the support of a power which they hated. The common necessaries of life were scarce, and to obtain the indispensable article of flour they were obliged to go as far as Bristol, a distance of eighteen or twenty miles. And even to do this every person was required to obtain a pass, which frequently for frivolous and capricious reasons was denied. Guards were stationed along Vine street from the Delaware River to the Schuylkill, forming a complete barrier; beyond these, through the woods extending as far as Frankfort, were stationed the picket guards—thus rendering it almost impossible to reach the Bristol mills without the requisite pass. The American forces at this period

were at Valley Forge, suffering from cold and hunger, while their enemies, the British, were comfortably housed in Philadelphia, occupied with feastings, balls and amusements. A poor woman with six children, whose husband was in the American army at Valley Forge, had made frequent applications for a pass to the mills, and for some reason was refused. Rendered desperate by disappointment, she determined to attempt the journey without a pass, and by good luck eluded the guards and reached Bristol unmolested.

There were six brothers in the vicinity of Philadelphia, by the name of Doale, noted for many acts of daring, strength, and sometimes ferocity. Unfortunately they were not good soldiers, but marauders who made war on their own account, on whom they pleased, but were usually partial to the Americans. These men had become the terror of the British, and a great many efforts had been made to capture them. The British looked upon them as little better than robbers, and while we must admit that it would have been more honorable for them to have entered the army and served their country in the regular way, the story we are going to tell will prove that they were not the cruel, bloody, fiendish fellows which their enemies were in the habit of describing them to be. Indeed, they were always

favorites with the Americans; they sometimes obtained for them very valuable information about the movements of the enemy; and they carried messages to and fro between the soldiers and their friends.

The poor woman we have mentioned had procured her flour and was hastening back with a light heart to her children. She had passed the picket guards at Frankfort, and was just entering the woods a little this side, when a tall man stepped from behind a tree and put a letter in her hand. You may imagine her delight when she saw that it was from her husband in the American army.

"Your husband," said the man, "is well, and requested me to say that he hoped in a short time to be with you. Money is a scarce article with the American soldiers, madam, but on account of your husband's partiality for the cause of liberty, I am willing to be his banker. My means are sufficient, so do not be surprised at what I offer you." As he spoke he handed her a piece of money.

"You say," replied the woman, "that my husband will see me shortly. How do you know that? How indeed, do you know who I am?"

"Hush!" said he in reply, "we are now approaching the British guard. Let me merely say that the American chief has a plan afoot which will expel

these British miscreants, and make Philadelphia ours. But hark! take the road to the left—and farewell."

With the word the stranger disappeared, and the woman resumed her cautious approach to the city. She had just reached Vine street, when the awful word "halt," struck her to the soul. A sentinel stood before her demanding her pass.

"I have none, sir," exclaimed she in great fright, "my children are"——

"A curse upon the rebel crew," was the brutal reply. "This flour is mine. Off, woman! and die, if you choose, with your babes."

A groan was the poor woman's only answer. The ruffian was about departing, when a figure approached, very humble in its manner, and in a suppliant voice begged the man to restore the woman her flour.

"Fool!" exclaimed the guard, "who are you? If you interfere I'll send you to the guard-house."

"But just think of the distance this poor woman has walked, the weight of the bag, and don't deprive her of food for her family."

"Go, or I'll seize you as a spy."

"You won't give the woman her flour?"

"No."

"Then you shall," was the reply; and the speaker,

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[illegible] [illegible] [illegible], and make Philadelphia [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]! take the road to the left—and [illegible]."

[illegible] the word the stranger disappeared, and the [illegible] [illegible] her cautious approach to the city. [illegible] [illegible] just reached Vine street, when the awful [illegible] "halt," struck her to the soul. A sentinel [illegible] before her demanding her pass.

"I have none, sir," exclaimed she in great fright, "my children are"——

"A curse upon the rebel [illegible]," was the brutal reply. "This flour is mine. Off, woman! and die, if you choose, with your [illegible]."

A groan was the [illegible] woman's only answer. The ruffian was [illegible] departing, when a figure approached, very [illegible] in its manner, and in a suppliant [illegible] [illegible] the man to restore the woman her [illegible].

"[illegible] [illegible] the guard, "who are you? [illegible] [illegible] I'll [illegible] you in the guard-house."

"[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] this poor woman [illegible] [illegible], the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], and don't de[illegible] her of [illegible] for her [illegible]."

"Go, or I'll seize you as a spy."

"You won't give the woman her flour?"

"No."

"Then you shall," was the reply; and the speaker,

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who was no other than the man who had met the woman in the wood, and one of the terrible Doales, seized the guard by the throat and hurled him with the greatest ease to the ground.

"Run," said he to the woman, "run, secure your flour; pass Vine street, and you are safe."

The woman rapidly obeyed these directions. The guard made an attempt to rise, but the stranger drew a pistol and shot him dead—which showed how ferocious he could be, notwithstanding his charity and feeling for the poor woman. In an instant the guard were rushing toward the stranger. Seizing the dead man's musket, he started like a deer pursued by hounds. "Shoot him down," was echoed from lip to lip; but soon escaping to the cover of the woods, he for a time eluded their search. His horse was concealed among the bushes. He flew to its place of concealment and springing into the saddle galloped rapidly down to the Delaware, where a boat was in readiness for him. His only chance of escape was to get to the opposite shore of the river. But as he reached the bank he suddenly found himself surrounded by fifty exasperated soldiers. One sprang from behind a tree and demanded his surrender. But a ball from Doale's pistol laid him in the dust. His position was now desperate; there was no hope of being able to reach his

boat, and he resolved therefore to attempt to swim his animal across the stream. He was pursued down to the bank, the bullets whistling around him, and ere he reached half the distance to the opposite shore, twenty armed boats were in hot pursuit. The tide was running swiftly, and when he reached the Jersey shore he was directly opposite the city. The enemy were near, and every few moments a bullet came whistling by his head, but the intrepid adventurer could not forego his opportunity for revenge. He took out a pistol, and with steady aim fired at the first boat; a man fell over the side and sank to rise no more. In another instant Doale had disappeared into the woods, and was safe from pursuit.

It is a pity that so much courage and daring had not always been employed in honorable warfare, for it must be confessed that all the brothers Doale were not much better than highwaymen. But this act of charity and kindness to the old woman proves that they were capable of noble deeds; and it is known that they served the American cause in many ways. We suppose that they thought it perfectly right to make war upon the enemy in any way they pleased.

XII.

THE PARKINS FAMILY.

THE following incidents illustrate the peculiar dangers to which our forefathers were exposed. The Parkins family was of note in the district of Newberry, South Carolina. Daniel Parkins was a Quaker, and in accordance with his principles, took no active part in the war. He owned a mill on the Saluda River, and employed his time in attending it, furnishing meal for the country around.

One day, one of his sisters, standing at the door of their dwelling-house, which was two or three hundred yards from the mill, saw a party of mounted men approaching, whose appearance at once indicated that they belonged to the gangs of marauders that infested the country. She knew their object must be to capture or slay her brother, who was obnoxious to them, and started to run to the mill and inform him of his danger.

The enemy saw her, and guessing her purpose, put their horses to full speed, to reach the mill be-

fore her. Fearfully glancing behind her, she saw how rapidly they were coming up, and shouted as loudly as she could, the warning to her brother, of whom she caught a glimpse at the entrance of the mill. Again her cries rang through the air; but he stirred not from his listless attitude; it was evident the noise of the machinery prevented the sound from reaching him. What was to be done?

The troopers seemed to devour the way behind her; they dashed nearer; some of them hallooed to her to get out of the narrow road, or the horses would be upon her! The leading horse galloping briskly, was alongside of her the next moment.

Obeying a quick impulse, the heroic girl snatched at the bridle of the foremost horse, pulled it off, and by jerking his head violently on one side as she did so, turned him out of the path into the woods. Then she sped on like a terrified fawn. Another rider, in advance of his companions, dashed along close to her; she seized his horse's bridle, and pulled it off as she had done the first. Her brother saw this; and as she flung out her arms toward him in token that he must fly—for she had no breath to shout—he snatched up his gun, leaped from the stone door-step of the mill, rushed into the river, and gaining a shoal, pursued it till he reached what is now called Pope's Island. This was then covered with the

dense woods that shrouded all the river lands; and thick wreaths of the pendent moss, hanging from the trees like a trailing, funereal drapery, veiled the daylight from the impenetrable thickets.

As he sprang on dry land, Parkins turned to throw one glance at his baffled pursuers; then parting the curtain of moss, he disappeared in the recesses of the forest. The party in chase knew nothing of the shoal, nor how to get across to the island except by boats, and had they been able to reach it, they could not have threaded the wild labyrinth of woods; so, after a few moments' consultation, they turned back, two of them dismounting to recover the bridles Miss Parkins had thrown down, as she hastened back to the house, rejoicing in her brother's safety.

Daniel Parkins was afterward married to Jane Caradine, who lived with her father, Abraham Caradine, further down the Saluda. The simple wedding-cheer was interrupted by one of those incidents which occurred in the experience of many families. The inmates of the house had retired to rest, but were awakened by the ominous sound of trampling feet, and a suppressed murmur of voices. Closer the noise came, and the whispering outside betrayed the presence of enemies.

Through the chinks of the logs, armed men might plainly be perceived; and Parkins recognized some

of them; they were probably the same who had endeavored to surprise him at the mill. He roused his father-in-law; and both sprang from their beds, snatched their muskets, and threw into the barrels handfuls of powder and shot, priming in the same hurried manner. Listening on every side, they found that the house was surrounded. The terror and despair of the young bride—thus roused at midnight to witness a mortal struggle, in which those she loved the best were certain to fall—may be imagined, but not described.

There was but one possible way for escape, and that was a desperate one! Caradine whispered his son-in-law, and going to the door, which the bride's trembling hands were endeavoring to fasten more securely—he put her aside, threw the door wide open, and instantly fired upon a man who sat upon the fence just before it. The man sprang to his feet, then staggered and fell heavily to the ground, his head striking the door-step. Caradine and Parkins, taking advantage of the confusion and darkness, leaped over his prostrate body, and flourishing their guns, dashed boldly through the enemy's midst. They ran in different directions, each knowing his life depended on his speed.

Parkins gained the cover of the wood, and made good his escape. Caradine was an elderly man, and

ran heavily. He was swiftly pursued, and as he passed through the rows of his corn-field, a shot from an unseen foe arrested his flight. He stopped, pressed his hand to his side, and sank to the ground with a deep groan. At the same instant his pursuers overtook him. They stopped and gazed at each other, for they saw that their captive was dying.

Caradine half-raised himself from the ground, and turned so as to face his enemies. "Tell me one thing," he said, quietly. "Is the rascal I shot at, dead?"

"He is dead!" answered one of the party.

"Then I am satisfied," said the wounded man, and sinking back on the ground, with a gasp or two, he breathed his last.

The hostile party left the ground. For the rest of the night the silence was undisturbed, except by low sobs of anguish from the bereaved woman, whose father lay slaughtered before her, while she had too much reason for believing her husband had shared the same fate. Fortunately he was safe.

After the Revolution, Parkins held many offices of public trust, and by mercantile business realized a large fortune.

An incident related of one of his descendants displays an unusual degree of courage and presence of

mind. During the war, and for many years after, it was the custom, in going to Ninety-six, from O'Neill's mills, to cross Saluda River at Parkins' Ford; and plank from the pine-woods was hauled that way. A wagon and team belonging to Mrs. O'Neill, and driven by her son, a lad of seventeen, was engaged in this business, with another belonging to a neighbor, Mr. Jay. In one of their trips, they found the Saluda swollen, but concluded to ford it. Mrs. O'Neill's team attempted the passage first. When the wagon reached the deep water, it floated, with its load of plank, and horses, wagon, and driver were swept down the stream. The lad made every effort to extricate his horses by cutting them loose; but failed, not cutting the hame-strings, and losing his knife. Jay plunged into the water to swim to the rescue; but was seized with the cramp, and was obliged to climb upon a rock to save himself from drowning.

The noise of this struggle, and Jay's cry for help, reached young Parkins' ears; he ran to the river, and seeing the dangerous condition of the boy-driver and his team, threw off his coat, plunged in and swam to their assistance. He succeeded in cutting loose the head horse, but in trying to liberate another, struggling with the desperate animal, the knife was knocked out of his hand. Leaving his

hopeless task, Parkins threw himself on the back of the loosed mare, swam her to land, and galloped to the nearest house. Then he procured another knife, rode back to the river, swam the mare again to the wagon, which the current was sweeping rapidly downward, cut loose the other horses, and saved them all, with the driver; rescuing Jay also, from his perilous position.

XIII.

THE ADVENTURES OF THOMAS FERRIS.

At early morn, of a day in September, 1776, a long line of boats put off from the enemy's fleet, which for some days had been lying nearly opposite Throg's Neck, on Long Island Sound, and approached in an imposing manner to the shore. The gay regimentals of the soldiers, and the glittering bayonets that threw back the sun's rays in floods of brilliant and dazzling light, with the sounds of martial music, and the occasional solemn booming of a gun, presented a beautiful and inspiriting scene. But to the residents of the country, who were tremblingly watching the disembarkation, the pageant was only one of terror, and as with heavy hearts they watched the invaders land upon their soil, their bosoms sunk in hopeless despair, and a long era of oppression, suffering, and imprisonment was opened to them, of which this was the first scene in the drama.

In the house of James Ferris, a large landholder

and wealthy farmer residing on the Neck, a cheerful and happy family group were gathered at the morning meal. But as they arose from the table, the appalling sight burst upon their view, and in an instant peace and contentment were changed into dismay and terror. Part of the troops had already landed, and their danger was imminent. Mr. Ferris was aged and crippled, and thus escape to him was impossible; but his son, Thomas Ferris, a young man of twenty, he determined to save for future services to his country. The trembling hands of the whole family group were immediately engaged in preparing him for departure; his clothes were hastily tied up in a handkerchief, and with his musket thrown over his shoulder, he sprang upon the horse ready saddled at the door, and galloped off toward the head of the Neck. But he was observed by the British, and a party sent to prevent his escape. He succeeded, however, in reaching the head of the Neck before his enemies, but as he crossed the bridge, a volley of musketry was discharged after him by the disappointed soldiery. Not a bullet touched him, however, and he hurried forward to join the American ranks.

The members of the family, whose peace had been thus suddenly disturbed, meanwhile, remained in the most keen anxiety as to the fate of the fugitive.

The discharges which they heard did not serve to allay their fears; but the approach of the enemy to the door turned their thoughts to their own danger. Mr. Ferris had hoped that his age, and his inaction in the contest, would preserve him from molestation. But he was mistaken. When, indeed, in the course of the war, was a dependence on British mercy justified! He was ruthlessly seized, and torn from his family, despite their entreaties, and sent to New York as a prisoner. We are all aware of the terrible sufferings of the American captives confined in New York, and of the atrocities practised upon them by their inhuman keepers. Mr. Ferris was thrown into the old sugar-house prison, where, subjected to every exposure, half starved, and compelled to eat the unwholsome food placed before him, he contracted a disease which then prevailed among the prisoners. His strength became utterly prostrated, and he was brought to an extremity of suffering difficult to realize. But during the term of his confinement, Mrs. Ferris, who was a determined and resolute woman, went into the city for the purpose of attempting to procure his liberation. Undaunted by the innumerable obstacles in such an attempt, she persevered and eventually procured his release. But it was at an hour when disease had wasted his strength, and death was hovering so close upon him that his

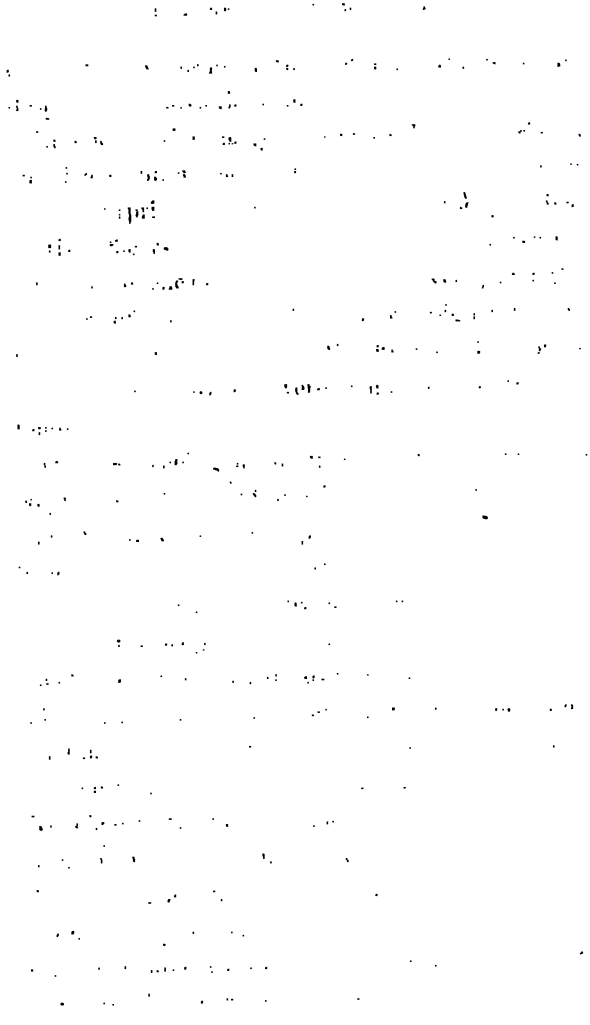
captors considered him of no more danger to the cause of his majesty. The devoted wife bore him to her home only to see him die. It was but a few days after he was borne out from his pestilential dungeon, that he was carried to his last earthly abode; and the soil that rested upon his bosom, covered one of the many martyrs who purchased the liberty of their country, not in the wild excitement of the battle-field, but in the slow agonies of the dungeon.

Thomas Ferris, young and active, with a vigorous and powerful frame, now became one of the deadliest and most dangerous enemies of the invader. We can readily imagine that the horrors of his father's untimely end, gave an edge to his animosity, and often nerved his arm in the contest. He was generally employed in collecting information of the movements of the British forces, and this duty brought him into frequent connection with Luther Kennicut, one of those persons employed by the commander-in-chief to frequent the camp of the enemy in the capacities of spies, and who have been immortalized in the character of Harvey Birch * in Cooper's novel of "The Spy." This class of men, in doing signal service to their country, were placed in situations most trying to their patriotism. They

* Kennicut was the original of this celebrated character of Cooper's.

were looked upon by their neighbors as apostates or traitors, and it not unfrequently happened that they suffered great indignities, and were exposed to great danger at the hands of the patriots, who, little aware that they were serving the American cause in secret, were disposed to punish their supposed faithlessness in no mild manner. When you read Mr. J. Fennimore Cooper's story of "The Spy," you will find how much service was rendered by these men to their country, and at the same time how much injustice, contumely and persecution they experienced. They usually went about as peddlers, and would pass through the enemy's lines, and even penetrate into the very presence of the British leaders, by means of this pursuit, with unsuspected impunity. This Kennicut was one of the most active men thus employed. Whenever any movement was in contemplation by the British army, he would adroitly manage to become possessed of all the particulars, and then pass through the lines under the pretence of selling his articles, and meeting his accomplices in secret places, at night, in the depths of the wood, convey his intelligence to the American officers. Young Ferris was of those employed in receiving the intelligence thus gained by Kennicut; and he declared after the war that many serious consequences were averted from the Ameri-

PASSING THE SENTINEL. Page 193.



can army, by means of the faithful services of the despised but patriotic peddler.

In one of the many interviews between Ferris and Kennicut, a bold plan was conceived by them for the surprise and capture of one of the principal British officers while in his own camp. The British army were encamped on Throg's Neck, and the quarters of the officer, whom they designed to capture, were in the house of Mr. Ferris. Two other enterprising patriots were engaged in the attempt.

On the evening fixed upon, Ferris and his two companions, Kennicut appointing to meet them on the Neck, cautiously approached the sentinels. Their manner of passing the guard was ingenious and bold. It was done by crawling along the shore through the sedge, cautiously advancing as the sentinel's back was turned toward them, and when he advanced, they would lie close and still in the sedge. By this slow and critical means, they at last passed the sentinel, and got on to the Neck, and soon joined Kennicut at the place of meeting. A place of concealment was now found for them, and the plan for the capture arranged, which was to take place at midnight of the next evening. Young Ferris, who was acquainted with the house, was to conduct the party to the apartment of the officer, whom they

were to seize, gag, and muffle, and escape with him from the Neck as expeditiously and silently as possible. After the completion of all the arrangements, Kennicut left them. Some little time after his departure, Ferris becoming very thirsty, incautiously ventured to the well, near to the house, for the purpose of procuring water, when he was observed and recognized by one of the negro slaves belonging to the house. In a few minutes after this incident, Kennicut came to them hurriedly, and informed them that their presence on the Neck was known, that the guard was doubled all around the Neck, and that a thorough search was ordered to be made for them at the first approach of daylight. They were now in a critical situation. To escape from the Neck in the same manner they reached it was impossible, as at this point a vigilant watch would doubtless be stationed. Ferris proposed to escape by swimming, but two of his companions could not swim, and they begged most earnestly not to be abandoned. But the resources of men inured to danger, and familiar with stratagem, were not exhausted. Toward the lower end of the Neck there was an old stone wall, which had been built double, and which was surrounded by a thick and tangled mass of plum-bushes. The plan was to remove one side of the wall, and rebuild it in such a manner as to afford

hollow places for their concealment. Ferris and Kennicut first built in their two companions, and lastly, Ferris took his place, and Kennicut alone completed the entombment. These singular cells, as we may call them, having been finished, Kennicut surveyed them closely, and with scrutiny on all sides. The form of the wall was but little altered from its original shape, while the screen-work of bushes effectually curtained it from observation. Assured of the completeness of the concealment, Kennicut, with a few words of caution, left Ferris and his companions in their voluntary imprisonment, with a promise to return to them whenever he might do so with prudence. Kennicut being well known to the British army, and in the habit of coming and going at will, could show himself without suspicion.

The situation of our heroes must indeed have been trying. It was not long before daylight appeared, and then they could hear the search that was going on all around them. Presently the tramp of soldiers was heard, which grew nearer and nearer, and their hearts sank despairingly within them, as they could detect their approach directly to the spot where they were concealed. Two files of soldiers, one on each side of the wall, came along close by the side of the wall, and so near to them, that with a switch two feet long, the prisoners could have

touched them. Suddenly, and to the great terror of the adventurers, the word halt was given, and our heroes believed their discovery certain. The grass which had been trampled down by them in the process of erecting their prisons, arrested the attention of the soldiers, and a brief conference as to its cause was held within hearing of the captives. One remarked, that "there the rebels must have lain last night," but another was of opinion, that it was where the deserters, who had escaped the day previous, had lain during the night. Satisfied with this solution of the cause, the party resumed their march, much to the relief and delight of our incarcerated friends. They remained in their concealment the entire day and much of the ensuing night without food, and in a state of unceasing anxiety. Toward morning, Kennicut came and released them. They now abandoned their intention of securing the officer, and set about escaping from the Neck in the same manner they had come upon it.

Mr. Ferris was frequently engaged in enterprises of a similar nature to this, during the period of the war. On one occasion, he accompanied an expedition in two whaleboats, eastward, and approaching Stonington they resolved to cut out two vessels, a sloop and a schooner belonging to the British, which were lying at anchor in the harbor. At the hour of

midnight, when all was hushed and still, they cautiously rowed toward the vessels, the one to which Mr. Ferris belonged approaching the schooner. But one man walked its deck, the others being asleep below, and he seemed to be unconscious of the danger which threatened the vessel. Not a sound denoted their approach, and the boat was by the vessel's side, and the assailents already pouring upon the deck, ere the sentinel was aware of the attack. A pistol at his head commanded immediate silence, or death the penalty, and in a moment the hatches and companion-ways were secured, the cables cut, the sails hoisted, and they slowly moved from the land. But at this juncture they were saluted by cannon from the battery on shore, the alarm having been given by the hoisting of the sails, and with balls ploughing the sea about them and occasionally whistling through the rigging, they stood out to sea, and were soon out of sight and beyond the reach of the enemy.

XIV.

REBECCA MOTTE—LYDIA DARRAH.

THE British at one time had taken possession of the fine large mansion of Mrs. Rebecca Motte, on Congaree River in South Carolina, and had surrounded it with a deep trench, along the interior margin of which erecting a high parapet, and otherwise fortifying it. Mrs. Motte and her family were compelled to leave the mansion, and take up their abode in a farmhouse upon a hill north of the mansion. Their place was supplied with a garrison of one hundred and fifty men, under Captain McPherson. Generals Marion and Lee had just crossed the Congaree, and these indefatigable partisans approached Fort Motte, and laid siege to it. In order to dislodge the garrison before succor could arrive, which they saw was rapidly approaching, no means could be devised but burning the mansion. This they were very reluctant to do; but Mrs. Motte, when informed of their wishes, with great readiness assented to the proposal, and brought to the generals

for the purpose bow and arrows which had been imported from India, and were prepared to carry combustible matter. It appears that at the moment of Mrs. Motte's departure from her house she had taken in her hand these implements, which were valued as mementoes of Mr. Motte, to whom they had been presented while abroad, and said to her friend, "I will take these with me, to prevent their destruction by the soldiers." With the quiver in her hands, she was passing the gate, when Major McPherson, drawing forth a shaft, and applying the point to his finger, said, "what have you here, Mrs. Motte?" "For heaven's sake be careful," she replied, "these arrows are poisoned." The ladies immediately passed on to the out-house, which they were now to inhabit. These arms were now brought out by Mrs. Motte, with a wish for the happy accomplishment of the end proposed.

Everything being now prepared, the garrison was once more summoned to surrender, which being refused, the return of the flag was immediately followed by the shooting of the arrows, to which balls of blazing rosin and brimstone were attached. The first missed its aim, and it was afterward known fell at the feet of the commander, who taking it up, with strong expressions of anger, exclaimed, "I thank you, Mrs. Motte." The second

arrow took effect, and set fire to the roof, when the brisk discharge of a six pounder being maintained by the patriots, in the direction of the staircase, every effort to extinguish it proved fruitless, until, from the apprehension of the roof falling in, the garrison were compelled to surrender at discretion. General Greene arriving soon after, paid to Major McPherson the tribute of applause due to his excellent defence, declaring, "that such gallantry could not fail to procure for him a high increase of reputation." This compliment, however, does not appear to have soothed the mortified soldier; for, walking immediately up to Mrs. Motte, he said, "to *you* madam, I owe this disgrace; it would have been more charitable to have allowed me to perish by poison, than to be thus compelled to surrender my post to the enemy."

"If ever a situation in real life," says Mrs. Ellett, "afforded a fit subject for poetry, by filling the mind with a sense of moral grandeur, it was that of Mrs. Motte contemplating the spectacle of her home in flames, and rejoicing in the triumph secured to her countrymen—the benefit to her native land, by the surrender of her own interest to the public service. I have stood upon the spot, and felt indeed that it was classic ground, and consecrated by memories which should thrill the heart of every Ameri-

can. But the beauty of such memories would be marred by the least attempt at ornament; and the simple narrative of that memorable occurrence has more effect to stir the feelings than could a tale artistically penned and glowing with the richest hues of imagination."

LYDIA DARRAH.

When the British army held possession of Philadelphia, the head-quarters of General Harris were in Second street, in a lane which was before occupied by General Cadwallader. Directly opposite, resided William and Lydia Darrah, members of the society of Friends. A superior officer of the British army, believed to be the adjutant-general, fixed upon one of their chambers, a back room, for private conference; and two officers frequently met there, with fire and candles, in close consultation. About the second of December, the adjutant-general told Lydia that they would be in the room at seven o'clock, and remain late; and that they wished the family to retire early to bed; adding, that when they were going away, they would call her to let them out, and extinguish their fire and candles. She accordingly sent all the family to bed; but, as the officer had been so particular, her curiosity was excited. She took off her shoes, and put her ear to

the key-hole of the conclave. She overheard an order read for all the British troops to march out, late in the evening of the fourth, and attack General Washington's army, then encamped at White Marsh. On hearing this, she returned to her chamber and laid herself down. Soon after, the officers knocked at her door, but she rose only at the third summons, having feigned to be asleep. Her mind was so much agitated that, from this moment, she could neither eat nor sleep, supposing it to be in her power to save the lives of thousands of her countrymen; but not knowing how she was to convey the necessary information to General Washington, nor daring to confide it even to her husband. The time left was, however, short; she quickly determined to make her way, as soon as possible, to the American outposts. She informed her family, that, as they were in want of flour, she would go to Frankfort for some; her husband insisted that she should take with her the servant maid; but, to his surprise, she positively refused. She got access to General Howe, and solicited—what he readily granted—a pass through the British troops on the lines. Leaving her bag at the mill, she hastened toward the American lines, and encountered on her way an American, Lieutenant-Colonel Craig, of the light horse, who, with some of his men, was on the

look-out for information. He knew her, and inquired whither she was going. She answered, in quest of her son, an officer in the American army; and prayed the colonel to alight and walk with her. He did so, ordering his troops to keep in sight. To him she disclosed her momentous secret, after having obtained from him the most solemn promise never to betray her individually, since her life might be at stake with the British. He conducted her to a house near at hand, directed a female in it to give her something to eat, and he speeded for headquarters, where he brought General Washington acquainted with what he had heard. Washington made, of course, all preparation for baffling the meditated surprise. Lydia returned home with her flour; sat up alone to watch the movement of the British troops; heard their footsteps; but when they returned, in a few days after, did not dare to ask a question, though solicitous to learn the event. The next evening, the adjutant-general came in, and requested her to walk up to his room, as he wished to put some questions. She followed him in terror; and when he locked the door, and begged her, with an air of mystery, to be seated, she was sure that she was either suspected, or had been betrayed. He inquired earnestly whether any of her family were up the last night he and the other officer

met. She told him that they all retired at eight o'clock. He observed, "I know *you* were asleep, for I knocked at your chamber door three times before you heard me; I am entirely at a loss to imagine who gave Washington information of our intended attack, unless the walls of the house could speak. When we arrived near White Marsh, we found all their cannon mounted, and the troops prepared to receive us; and we have marched back like a parcel of fools."

XV.

A NOVEL ENEMY—THE SPY.

An adventure occurred to Colonel Lee and his legion while on a march to join General Marion, which was somewhat amusing and extraordinary in its character. The account which we here insert is given by Colonel Lee himself. His detachment had arrived at a branch of the Little Pedee, and were encamped for the night in a large field on the side of the stream. "Between two and three in the morning, the officer of the day was informed that a strange noise had been heard in front of the piquet, stationed on the great road near the creek, resembling that occasioned by men moving through a swamp.

"Presently, and toward that quarter, the sentinel fired, which was followed by the sound of the bugle calling in the horse patrols, as was the custom on the approach of the enemy. The troops were immediately summoned to arms, and arrayed for defence. The officer of the day reported very

particularly everything which had passed, adding that several of the sentinels and one patrol concurred in asserting that they heard plainly the progress of horsemen, concealing with the utmost care their advance. Never was a more perplexing moment: yet, well knowing, as Colonel Lee did, that no enemy could be near him, unless Lord Cornwallis, devising Greene's plan and Lee's route, had pushed a body from Wilmington, with orders to proceed until it reached Downing Creek, where Lee would probably pass it, for the purpose of intercepting him, he was induced to consider the intelligence as the fabrication of imagination, which sometimes leads the most serene and circumspect into error.

"In a few moments, in a different quarter of our position, another sentinel fired, and soon afterward the same report, from that point, was made, as had just been received from the other. Appearances now were so strong as to dissipate the first conclusion, and what was deemed imaginary, was felt to be real.

"A change in the formation of the troops was made to correspond with this last annunciation of the enemy's approach.

"This was not completed before, in a different direction, we heard the discharge of a third sen-

tinel. Now the most excruciating sensations were experienced: it appeared as if these different feelings of our position were wisely and dexterously made, preparatory to a general assault, to take effect as soon as the approach of light should warrant its commencement. All that could be done, was done. The piquets and sentinels held their stations; the horse patrols had been called in; and the corps changed its position in silence and with precision upon every new annunciation, having in view the conjoint object of keeping the fires between us and the enemy, and holding the horse in the rear of the infantry. During our last evolution to this end, we were again interrupted by the discharge of the line of sentinels in our rear, along the great road. Thus the enemy had traversed the major segment of our position, and had at length fixed himself upon the road of our march.

"No doubt now remained, not only of the enemy being upon us, but that he was in force, and well understood his object. He had reconnoitred with penetration and perseverance, and had ultimately placed himself in the very spot most certainly promising success.

"To attempt to regain Deep River was idle, if practicable; for Greene must now be two or three days' march toward Camden, the intermediate

country hostile, and the British army within striking distance of some points of our route. Marion only could afford safety; and he was on the south of the Pedee, at least two days' march from us. The review of our situation admitted but one conclusion, —that hope of aid could not be indulged, and that we must rely upon ourselves only. Brave soldiers can always be safely trusted with their situation. Lee, passing along the line of infantry, made known our condition: reminding them of their high reputation; enjoining profound silence throughout the approaching contest; and assuring them, with their customary support, he had no doubt but that he should force his way to the Pedee, where we should find all that was desirable. To the cavalry he briefly communicated the dangers which surrounded us, mingled with expressions of his thorough confidence that every man would do his duty, and concluded by pressing upon the officers not to permit any partial success to tempt pursuit, without orders, or to relax circumspection, and to bear in mind, that the contest before us was not the affair of an hour, but might last for days.

"This address was answered by whispers of applause; and having formed in columns, one of horse, and the other of foot, Lee waited anxiously for the break of day, the presumed signal for action.

"It soon appeared, and the columns advanced to the great road, infantry in front, baggage in the centre, and the cavalry in the rear. As soon as the head of the column reached the road, it turned to the left, pursuing the route to the Pedee. The van officer, proceeding a few hundred yards, now got up to the sentinel who had fired last, and received from him the same account so often given before. The enigma still remained unexplained, and the corps continued its march, in slow motion, expecting every moment the enemy's fire. In this state of suspense we might have continued long, had not the van officer directed his attention to the road, for the purpose of examining the trail of our active foe, when, to his astonishment, he found the tracks of a large pack of wolves. It was now evident, that the presumed enemy was a troop of wild beasts, collected together, and anxious to pass along their usual route, when, finding it obstructed, they turned from point to point to pass through the field: everywhere fired upon, they continued widening their circuit until they reached the great road from which they had been originally turned. Our agitation vanished, and was succeeded by facetious glee.

"Nowhere does wit and humor abound more than in camps; and no occurrence was more apt to elicit it than that which we had just experienced. Never

was a day's march more pleasant, being one continued scene of good humor, interspersed with innocent flashes of wit. For a time the restraint of discipline ceased. Every character, not excepting the commandant's, was hit; and very salutary counsel was often imparted under cover of a joke. Each considered himself a dupe, and all laughed at a credulity, any attempt to remove which, during the scene, would have been treated as insulting temerity. The piquets, the patrols, the sentinels, and the officer of the day, were marked as the peculiar objects of derision. Wonderful that not one of the many could distinguish between the movement of wolves and soldiers! They were charged with disgraceful ignorance, shameful stupor, bordering close upon rank cowardice. Vain was the attempt of the abused individuals to defend their character and conduct: it was the interest of the many to fix the supposed stigma on the few, and the general verdict was against them. Reaching a settlement, the corps halted, and for awhile the remembrance of the ludicrous occurrence of the night yielded to the solicitude of every one to provide his breakfast.

"Here what had passed was imparted to the inhabitants, and the unintelligible adventure was very satisfactorily solved. We were informed that there *had* been in the field where the corps had encamped

a store of provisions, collected for the army; but that it never had been conveyed to camp, being too distant from the line of march. Being neglected, its contents became putrid; the wild beasts soon profited by the neglect, and enjoyed nightly the food intended for the soldier. Having comprehended within our range of sentinels this abandoned store, we had interrupted their usual visits, and the circle which they nearly completed was from solicitude to find access to their nightly repast.

"This was what had been termed 'acute reconnoitering,' and 'an enemy in force, well understanding his own views.'

"Such is frail man, in war as well as in peace. Subject to be imposed upon by his own conceits, notwithstanding the remonstrances of reason, and his experience of the delusions of credulity. Yet, when we consider that the night was very dark, that the troops were waked from sleep to prepare for defence, and that it was possible, though improbable, for the British general to have been advised of the march of Lee, in time to strike him, our surprise at the alarm excited will vanish."

CHARLEY MORGAN, THE SPY.

Lord Cornwallis, on taking command of the British forces in Virginia, felt himself so superior to the Americans, that he exulted in the prospect of success; and despising the youth of his opponent, Lafayette, unguardedly wrote to Great Britain, "*the boy cannot escape me.*" The marquis's army consisted of three thousand and sixty men. Cornwallis proceeded from Petersburg to James River, which he crossed in order to dislodge Lafayette from Richmond. That place having been evacuated, he then marched through Hanover County and crossed the South Anna River—Lafayette constantly following his motions, but at a guarded distance, in every part of his progress. His lordship at one time planned the surprisal of the marquis, while on the same side of the James River with himself; but was diverted from his intention by a spy, whom Lafayette had sent into his camp. The marquis was very desirous of obtaining full intelligence concerning his lordship, and concluded upon prevailing, if possible, upon one Charles (generally called Charley) Morgan, a Jersey soldier, of whom he had entertained a favorable opinion, to turn deserter and go over to the British army, in order to his executing

the business of a spy more effectually. Charley was sent for, and agreed to undertake the hazardous employ, but insisted, in case he should be discovered and hanged, the marquis, to secure his reputation, should have it inserted in the Jersey paper, that he was sent upon the service by his commander. Charles deserted, and when he had reached the royal army, was carried before his lordship, who inquired into the reason of his deserting, and received for answer, "I have been, my lord, with the American army from the beginning, and while under General Washington was satisfied; but being put under a Frenchman, I do not like it, and have left the service." His lordship commended and rewarded his conduct. Charley was very diligent in the discharge of his military duty, and was not in the least suspected; but at the same time carefully observed all that passed. One day, while on particular duty with his comrades, Cornwallis, in close conversation with some officers, called Charley to him, and said: "How long a time will it take the marquis to cross James River?"

Charley paused a moment, and answered: "Three hours, my lord."

His lordship exclaimed: "Three hours! why, it will take three days."

"No, my lord," said Charley, "the marquis has

so many boats, and each boat will carry so many men. If your lordship will be at the trouble of calculating, you will find he can cross in three hours."

His lordship turned to the officers, and, in the hearing of Charley, remarked: "The scheme will not do."

Charley concluded this was the moment for his returning to the marquis. He, as soon as possible, plied his comrades with grog till they were well warmed, and then opened his masked battery. He complained of the wants that prevailed in the British camp, commended the supplies with which the American abounded, expressed his inclination to return, and then asked: "What say you, will you go with me?" They agreed. It was left with him to manage as to the sentries. To the first he offered, in a very friendly manner, the taking a draught of rum out of his canteen. While the fellow was drinking, Charley secured his arms, and then proposed his deserting with them, to which he consented through necessity. The second was served in like manner. Charley Morgan, by his management, carried off seven deserters with him. When he had reached the American army, and was brought to head-quarters, the marquis, upon seeing him, cried out:

"Ha! Charley, are you got back?"

"Yes; and please your excellency, and have brought seven more with me," was the answer.

When Charley had related the reason of his returning, and the observations he had made, the marquis offered him money, but he declined accepting it, and only desired to have his gun again. The marquis then proposed to promote him to the rank of a corporal or a sergeant. To this Morgan replied: "I will not have any promotion. I have abilities for a common soldier, and have a good character; should I be promoted, my abilities may not answer, and I may lose my character." He, however, nobly requested for his fellow-soldiers, who were not so well supplied with shoes, stockings, and clothing as himself, that the marquis would promise to do what he could to relieve their distresses, which he easily obtained.

XVI.

THE PATRIOTIC WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

We propose in this chapter to relate a few anecdotes of the patriotic women of the Revolution. Nothing, perhaps, illustrates more clearly the patriotism and unconquerable spirit of the people of the period of rebellion than the conduct and temper of the women. They seem to have thrown off the timidity usually characteristic of the sex, and to have evinced a courage, resolution, and spirit, that almost outdid those qualities in their husbands and brothers. They armed their sons and sent them forth to battle, they encouraged their husbands in a spirit of patriotism; and they not unfrequently became the defenders of their aged parents. A gentleman travelling through Connecticut, met with an old gentlewoman, who told him that she had fitted out and sent five sons and eleven grandsons to Boston, when she heard of the engagement between the Provincials and Regulars. The gentleman asked

her if she did not shed a tear at parting with them? "No," said she, "I never parted with them with more pleasure."

"But suppose," said the gentleman, "they had all been killed." "I had rather (said the noble matron) this had been the case, than that one of them had come back a coward." It is no wonder that the American arms were victorious, when a spirit like this was evinced by the mothers. Nor was this old gentlewoman singular in her feelings, as is evident by this anecdote of

THE WIDOW JENKINS.

At the time Colonel Watson, the commander of a corps of Regulars and Tories, was making inroads upon the Pedee, he pitched his tent one night near the house of a widow named Jenkins, and took up his own quarters under her roof. Learning, in the course of the evening, that she had three sons fighting under General Marion, he commenced the following conversation with her:

"So, madam, they tell me you have several sons in General Marion's camp; I hope it is not true."

She said it was very true, and was only sorry that it was not a thousand times truer.

"A thousand times truer, madam!" replied he,

with great surprise; "pray, what can be your meaning in that?"

"Why, sir, I am only sorry that in place of three, I have not three thousand sons with General Marion."

"Aye, indeed! well then, madam, begging your pardon, you had better send for them immediately to come in and join his majesty's troops under my command: for as they are rebels now in arms against their king, should they be taken, they will be hung as sure as ever they were born."

"Why, sir, you are very considerate of my sons; for which, at any rate, I thank you. But, as you have begged my pardon for giving me this advice, I must beg yours for not taking it. My sons, sir, are of age, and must and will act for themselves. And as to their being in a state of rebellion against their king, I must take the liberty, sir, to deny that."

"What, madam! not in rebellion against their king? Shooting at and killing his majesty's subjects like wolves! don't you call that rebellion against their king, madam?"

"No, sir, they are only doing their duty, as God and nature commanded them, sir."

"Are they, madam?"

"Yes, sir, and what you and every man in England would glory to do against the king, were he to dare

to tax you contrary to your own consent and the constitution of the realm. 'Tis the king, sir, who is in rebellion against my sons, and not they against him. And could right prevail against might, he would as certainly lose his head as ever king Charles the First did."

THE LITTLE BLACK-EYED REBEL.

Mary Redmond, the daughter of a patriot of Philadelphia of some local distinction, had many relatives who were loyalists. These were accustomed to call her "the little black-eyed rebel," so ready was she to assist women whose husbands were fighting for freedom, in procuring intelligence. "The dispatches were usually sent from their friends by a boy who carried them stitched in the back of his coat. He came into the city bringing provisions to market. One morning when there was some reason to fear he was suspected, and his movements were watched by the enemy, Mary undertook to get the papers from him in safety. She went, as usual, to the market, and in a pretended game of romps, threw her shawl over the boy's head and secured the prize. She hastened with the papers to her anxious friends, who read them by stealth, after the windows had been carefully closed."

When the Whig women in her neighborhood heard of Burgoyne's surrender, and were exulting in secret, the cunning little "rebel," prudently refraining from any open demonstration of joy, "put her head up the chimney and gave a shout for Gates!"

MRS. HENDEE.

On the burning of Royalton, Vermont, by the Indians, in 1776, Mrs. Hendee, of that place, exhibited a praiseworthy and heroic character. The attack was sudden, and her husband being absent in the Vermont regiment, and she being in the field, the Indians seized her children, and carried them across White River, at that place perhaps a hundred yards wide and quite deep for fording, and placed them under the keepers having the other persons they had collected, thirty or forty in number, in charge. On discovering the fate of her children, Mrs. Hendee resolutely dashed into the river, waded through, and fearlessly entering the Indian camp, regardless of their tomahawks menacingly flourished around her head, boldly demanded the release of her little ones, and persevered in her alternate upbraidings and supplications till her request was granted. She then carried her children back through the river and landed them in safety on the other bank.

But not content with what she had done, like a patriot, as she was, she immediately returned, begged for the release of the children of others; again was rewarded with success, and brought two or three more away; again returned and again succeeded, till she had rescued the whole fifteen of her neighbors' children who had been thus snatched away from their distracted parents. On her last return to the camp of the enemy, the Indians were so struck with her conduct that one of them declared that so brave a squaw deserved to be carried across the river, and offered to take her on his back and carry her over. She, in the same spirit, accepted the offer, mounted the back of the gallant savage was carried to the opposite bank, where she collected her rescued troop of children, and hastened away to restore them to their overjoyed parents.

MRS. WILSON.

Just after the defeat of Col. Fergusson at King's Mountain, Gen. Cornwallis in retreating toward Winnsboro, halted for the night at Wilson's plantation, near Steel Creek. The British general with his staff, and Col. Tarleton, occupied the house of Mrs. Wilson. Supper was ordered and prepared for the British officers. Cornwallis, in order to obtain a knowledge of his hostess, entered into conver-

sation with her, and soon found that he was occupying the house of a noted Whig leader, Robert Wilson, who at that time, with his son John, was a prisoner in the Camden jail, and who was the father and brother of more than a dozen active Whig soldiers. The British general now attempted to enlist the sympathies of his hostess with the royal cause. He observed that it was a matter of sincere regret with him to be compelled to wage a war, the worst calamities of which fell upon women. He was inclined to believe that there were many worthy men in the rebel army, who had been induced to take up arms by the delusive promises of unprincipled leaders. "Madam," he continued, "your husband and your son are my prisoners; the fortunes of war may soon place others of your sons—perhaps all your kinsmen, in my power. Your sons are young, aspiring and brave. In a good cause, fighting for a generous and powerful king, such as George III., they might hope for rank, honor and wealth. If you could but induce your husband and sons to leave the rebels, and take up arms for their lawful sovereign, I would almost pledge myself that they shall have rank and consideration in the British army. If you, madam, will pledge yourself to induce them to do so, I will immediately order their discharge."

To this appeal Mrs. Wilson replied, that her husband and sons were indeed dear to her, and that she would do anything her conscience would uphold to advance their interests. For five years they had been engaged in the struggle for liberty, and had never faltered or fled from the contest.

"I have seven sons who are now, or have been, bearing arms," she continued, "indeed my seventh son, Zaccheus, who is only fifteen years old, I yesterday assisted to get ready to go and join his brothers in Sumpter's army. Now, sooner than see one of my family turn back from the glorious enterprise, I would take those boys (pointing to three or four small sons) and with them would myself enlist under Sumpter's standard, and show my husband and sons how to fight, and if necessary, to die for their country!"

"Ah, general!" broke in Tarleton, "I think you've got into a hornet's nest! Never mind, when we get back to Camden I'll take good care that old Robert Wilson never comes back again!"

It it a satisfaction to add that Colonel Tarleton's threat was never executed.

MRS. MORRIS.

Mrs. Margaret Morris, of Burlington, New Jersey, kept a journal during the Revolution, for the amusement, it is said, of a sister, the wife of Dr. Charles Moore, of Philadelphia. A few copies were printed several years ago, for private circulation. Belonging to the Society of Friends, she was opposed to war, yet her principles were patriotic, and she no doubt rejoiced over all the victories and in the final and complete success of the "rebel" army.

A single extract from her journal will illustrate the most prominent feature of her character:

"June 14th, 1777. By a person from Bordentown, we hear twelve expresses came in there to-day from camp. Some of the gondola-men and their wives being sick, and no doctor in town to apply to, they were told Mrs. Morris was a skillful woman, and kept medicines to give to the poor; and notwithstanding their late attempts to shoot my poor boy, they ventured to come to me, and in a very humble manner begged me to come and do something for them. At first I thought they designed to put a trick on me, get me aboard their gondola, and then pillage my house, as they had done some others; but on asking where the sick folks were, I was told they were lodged in the Governor's house.

So I went to see them; there were several, both men and women, very ill with fever; some said, the camp or putrid fever. They were broken out in blotches; and on close examination, it appeared to be the itch fever. I treated them according to art, and they all got well. I thought I had received all my pay when they thankfully acknowledged my kindness; but lo! in a short time afterward a very rough, ill-looking man came to the door and asked for me. When I went to him he drew me aside, and asked if I had any friends in Philadelphia. The question alarmed me, supposing there was some mischief meditated against that poor city; however, I calmly said—'I have an ancient father, some sisters, and other near friends there.'

"'Well,' said the man, 'do you wish to hear from them, or send anything by way of refreshment to them? If you do, I will take charge of it, and bring you back anything you may send for.'

"I was very much surprised, and thought, to be sure, he only wanted to get provisions to take to the gondolas; but when he told me his wife was one of those I had given medicine to, and this was the only thing he could do to pay me for my kindness, my heart leaped with joy, and I set about preparing something for my dear, absent friends. A quarter of beef, some veal, fowls and flour, were

put up; and about midnight the man called and took them aboard his boat. He left them at Robert Hopkins'—at the point—whence my beloved friends took them to town.

"Two nights afterward, a loud knocking at our front door greatly alarmed us, and opening the chamber window, we heard a man's voice, saying, 'Come down softly and open the door, but bring no light.'

"There was something mysterious in such a call; but we concluded to go down and set the candle in the kitchen.

"When we got to the front door, we asked, 'Who are you!'

"The man replied, 'A friend; open quickly.' So the door was opened; and who should it be but our honest gondola-man, with a letter, a bushel of salt, a jug of molasses, a bag of rice, some tea, coffee, and sugar, and some cloth for a coat for my poor boys; all sent by my kind sisters!

"How did our hearts and eyes overflow with love to them, and thanks to our Heavenly Father for such seasonable supplies! May we never forget it! Being now so rich, we thought it our duty to hand out a little to the poor around us, who were mourning for want of salt; so we divided the bushel, and gave a pint to every poor person who came for it—

having abundance left for our own use. Indeed, it seemed to us as if our little store was increased by distribution, like the bread broken by our Saviour to the multitude."

HEROISM OF A YOUNG GIRL.

Mr. Robert Gibbes, a true patriot, was the owner of a plantation on the Stone, a few miles from Charleston, on which, on a certain occasion, a Hessian battalion encamped, compelling the family to surrender to their use the lower part of the mansion, and to confine themselves in the upper story. While here on one dark and stormy evening, two galleys appeared, ascending the river, which forthwith began a most destructive fire upon the Hessian encampment. The house appeared particularly exposed, although the vessels had been commanded to avoid firing upon it, and to confine their attack to the enemy's encampment. Of this Mr. Gibbes was not aware, and with the permission of the English commander, he set out, although suffering acutely from an infirmity, and with his numerous family, hastened to the protection of a neighboring plantation. The balls were falling thick and fast, sometimes scattering dirt and sand over the party, while their loud whizzing, mingled with the fury of the

distant affray, rendered the scene one of danger and terror. But scarcely had they proceeded so far as to be out of danger from the balls, when to their unutterable agony they discovered, that in the confusion and hurry of departure, an infant had been left behind. To leave the child alone in his danger was impossible, and to return for him was an attempt of imminent peril. Mr. Gibbes was suffering under an infirmity that made his movements exceedingly slow and painful, and therefore it was impracticable for him to return. The frightened and chattering servants, stood trembling around, looking from one to the other in bewildering despair. Of all the rest of the party, saving Mrs. Gibbes, who was severely indisposed, none were above the age of childhood. While thus undecided, Miss Mary Ann Gibbes, but thirteen years of age, heroically offered to go for the lad, who was a son of Mrs. Fenwick, Mrs. Gibbes' sister-in-law. The night was dark and stormy, the distance considerable, and the whole space swept by the cannon of the assailant. But without fear she retraced the way, and reached the house without injury, where the scene was one of unmingled terror. Undismayed by the thundering of the cannon, the crashing of the balls, the shrieks, shouts and imprecations of the combatants, she sprang to the door with the

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intention of entering, when she was brutally refused by the sentinel. But tears, entreaties, and the natural eloquence prompted by her heroism, and the high purpose on which she was bent, overcome his opposition, and she was permitted to enter. With rapid steps she ascended to the third story, and finding the child there in safety, she clasped it to her bosom, and hastened to overtake her retreating family, her course, as before, full of danger, and often the ploughing balls would scatter clouds of dust over her person. Uninjured, her perilous journey was performed, and when she reached her friends, she was welcomed with enthusiasm and admiration. This intrepid action, worthy of an adult, and all glorious in a child, borrows a fair share of romance by the reflection that the child thus saved, afterward became Lieutenant Colonel Fenwick, so highly distinguished by his services in the last war with Great Britain.

MRS. FITZHUGH.

The wife of Colonel William Fitzhugh, of Maryland, while he was absent at one time, during the Revolution, was surprised by the news that a party of British soldiers was approaching her house. She instantly collected her slaves; furnished them with such weapons of defence as were at hand; took a

quantity of cartridges in her apron, and, herself taking the lead, urged her sable followers on to meet the foe. Not looking for resistance, the advancing party, on beholding the amazon with her army of blacks, hastily turned on their heels and fled.

On a subsequent occasion, a detachment of soldiers marched at midnight to Colonel Fitzhugh's house, which was half a mile from the shore, and near the mouth of the Patuxent River, and knocked at the door. The colonel demanding who was there, and receiving for reply that the visitants were "friends to King George," told the unwelcome intruders that he was blind and unable to wait upon them, but that his wife would admit them forthwith. Lighting a candle and merely putting on her slippers, she descended, awoke her sons, put pistols in their hands, and pointing to the back door, told them to flee. She then let the soldiers in at the front door. They inquired for Colonel Fitzhugh, and said he must come down-stairs at once, and go as a prisoner to New York. She accordingly dressed her husband—forgetting, meanwhile, to do as much for herself—and when he had descended, he assured the soldiers that his blindness, and the infirmities of age unfitted him to take care of himself, and that it could hardly be desirable for them to take in charge so decrepit and inoffensive a per-

son. They thought otherwise; and his wife, seeing he must go, took his arm and said she would go too. The officer told her she would be exposed and must suffer, but she persisted in accompanying him, saying that he could not take care of himself, nor, if he could, would she permit a separation.

It was a cold and rainy night, and with the mere protection of a cloak, which the officer took down and threw over her shoulders before leaving the house, she sallied forth with the party. When on the way to the boat, the report of a gun was heard, which the soldiers supposed was the signal of a rebel gathering. They hastened to the boat, where a parole was written out with trembling hand, and placed in the old gentleman's possession. Without a word, he was left on shore with his faithful and fearless companion, who thought but little of her exposure, as she stood and saw the British soldiers push off, and row away with all their might for safety.

THE GENEROUS OFFER.

When General Greene was retreating from the Catawba, an incident occurred which admirably illustrates the sacrificing spirit of the American women. On the line of his retreat he stopped at a

house for repose and refreshment. He had ridden all the day in a severe rain-storm, and he was wet, fatigued, and his heart was sad and burdened with gloomy foreboding. His landlady observed his despondency, and upon asking him about his condition, he replied that he was "tired, hungry, and penniless." Refreshments were provided for him, and after he had partaken of them, the good woman drew him into a private apartment, and placing in his hands two bags of specie—all her wealth, made up of the little savings of years, she said, "Take these; I can do without them, and they are necessary to you."

MRS. SHUBRICK.

"Mrs. Richard Shubrick," says Major Garden in his "Revolutionary Anecdotes," "possessed an appearance of personal debility about her that rendered her peculiarly interesting; it seemed to solicit the interest of every heart, and the man would have felt himself degraded who would not have put his life in hazard to serve her. Yet, when firmness of character was requisite, when fortitude was called for to repel the encroachments of aggression, there was not a more intrepid being in existence.

"An American soldier, flying from a party of the enemy, sought her protection, and was promised it.

The British, pressing close upon him, insisted that he should be delivered up, threatening immediate and universal destruction in case of refusal. The ladies, her friends and companions, who were in the house with her, shrunk from the contest, and were silent; but, undaunted by their threats, this intrepid lady placed herself before the chamber into which the unfortunate fugitive had been conducted, and resolutely said, 'To men of honor the chamber of a lady should be as sacred as the sanctuary! I will defend the passage to it though I perish. You may succeed, and enter it, but it shall be over my corps.' 'By God,' said the officer, 'if muskets were only placed in the hands of a few such women, our only safety would be found in retreat. Your intrepidity, madam, gives you security; from me you shall meet no further annoyance.'

"At Brabant, the seat of the respectable and patriotic Bishop Smith, a sergeant of Tarleton's dragoons, eager for the acquisition of plunder, followed the overseer, a man advanced in years, into the apartment where the ladies of the family were assembled, and on his refusing to discover the spot in which the plate was concealed, struck him with violence, inflicting a severe sabre wound across the shoulders. Aroused by the infamy of the act, Mrs. Shubrick, starting from her seat, and placing herself

betwixt the ruffian and his victim, resolutely said, 'Place yourself behind me, Murdoch; the interposition of my body shall give you protection, or I will die; then, addressing herself to the sergeant, exclaimed, 'Oh, what a degradation of manhood—what departure from that gallantry which was once the characteristic of British soldiers. Human nature is degraded by your barbarity; but should you persist, then strike at *me*, for till I die no further injury shall be done to *him*.' The sergeant, unable to resist an appeal like this, retired."

XVII.

DEVOTION AND CONSTANCY.

We find in the annals of the period to which this book relates, a story of real occurrence vastly more romantic and strange than anything we can recall in poetry or fiction. A young lady in England was attached to Captain Charles Ross, but her engagement was strenuously opposed by her parents. She saw her lover depart for America without being able to obtain the consent of her parents to their union, and for a long time mourned his separation, which threatened to be eternal, with a grief that preyed upon her health and spirits. So profound was her devotion to the man of her choice, that unable either to win the favorable consideration of her parents, or subdue her passion, she deliberately determined to follow him to America, and share his fate and fortune whatever they might be. She was alone, and clearly perceived the enormous difficulties that beset an undertaking of the kind proposed, and as a means to partially obviate them, and in order

that she might pursue her search with the greatest certainty and ease, she disguised herself in men's clothes, and thus equipped started on her long and perilous journey.

Upon her arrival in America, she learned that her lover was afar off on the frontier on an expedition against the Indians. Undismayed by the distances or obstacles that intervened, she set out in search of him. The journey was long, dangerous, and fatiguing in the extreme. One is reminded of Longfellow's exquisite creation of Evangeline and her long search after the lost Gabriel. The dangers, exposure, and fatigue of her undertaking can scarcely be exaggerated, nor can we express in too strong terms our admiration for a woman who could penetrate into the wilderness, undismayed by its terrors; intent only upon the one courageous hope of her heart.

After many days research she at last obtained a clue to his whereabouts, and advancing along her journey with renewed hope, at last overtook his troop—but at what a moment! It was just after a skirmish with the Indians, and she came upon him suddenly, left for dead in the forest, and with a poisoned wound! She clasped him in her arms, and to her joy, found that he was still living. With an ardor and vigilance which only such a passion

could inspire, she applied her lips to the poisoned wound; the only means which at such a juncture could rescue him from the peril of his situation. She succeeded in extracting the poison; but finding his strength unequal to a journey, with her own hands she erected a tent or bower with forest boughs, beneath which she drew her wounded lover. Here, beneath this slight protection from the elements, *she nursed him for six weeks!* And during all this time she remained unsuspected by him; her man's habit, her skin dyed with lime and bark, effectually concealing her identity. And during all this period, while he hovered uncertain between life and death, she experienced the exquisite delight of listening to his unceasing aspirations of love for that dear, and as he thought, distant object of his soul. She was even charged by him, should he die, to transmit to her his dying asseverations of constancy, and also his gratitude for the care and tenderness of his nurse, who was to be the bearer of them. But he recovered, and they set out to return to Philadelphia; her modesty and reserve still withholding the important secret from her lover. But upon their arrival at Philadelphia she sought out a clergyman, and resuming her proper garb, presented herself to the captain, accompanied by the priest. The lover's astonishment and delight can only be surmised.

They were married, and lived together a space of four years, in a fondness almost ideal. But alas! their happiness was of short duration. It soon became apparent that her health was declining; the great fatigue she had undergone, and the poison sucked from his wound not being properly expelled, combined to undermine her constitution. The piercing regret and exquisite sorrow of this circumstance so sensibly affected the lover, that he sank beneath the reflection and died of a broken heart. His wife lived to return to her family in England, and implored their forgiveness for the distress she had occasioned them, and shortly after followed her husband to the grave, in her twenty-sixth year. This romantic and sad story is related in the newspapers of the time. The lady's death occurred in 1779. She was celebrated, it is said, for her beauty, as she should be celebrated through all ages for her constancy.

XVIII.

PATRIOTIC LADS.

THERE are a good many instances in the war of boys evincing a spirit and courage in no wise inferior to their elders.

A BOLD BOY.

"On a fine morning in May, 1780, as the family of Mr. David Firman, sheriff of the county, were at breakfast, a soldier almost out of breath suddenly burst into the room, and stated, that as he and another soldier were conducting to the court-house two men, taken up on suspicion at Colt's Neck, they had knocked down his comrade, seized his musket, and escaped. The sheriff, on hearing this relation, immediately mounted his horse, and galloped to the court-house to alarm the guard. His son Tunis, a lad of about seventeen, and small of his age, seized a musket, loaded only with small shot to kill blackbirds in the cornfields, and putting on a cartridge-

box, dispatched his brother Samuel up-stairs for the bayonet, and then, without waiting for it, hurried off alone in the pursuit.

"After running in a westerly direction about a mile, he discovered the men sitting on a fence, who, on perceiving him, ran into a swamp. As the morning was warm, he hastily pulled off his coat and shoes, and darted in after them, keeping close upon them for over a mile, when they got out of the swamp, and each climbed into separate trees. As he came up, they discharged at him the musket taken from the guard. The ball whistled over his head. He felt for his bayonet, and, at that moment, perceived that, in his haste, it was left behind. He then pointed his gun at the man with the musket, but deemed it imprudent to fire, reflecting, even if he killed him, his comrade could easily master such a stripling as himself. He compelled the man to throw down the musket, by threatning him with death if he did not instantly comply. Then, loading the fuzee from his cartridge-box, he forced his prisoners down from the trees, and, armed with his two loaded muskets, he drove them toward the court-house, careful, however, to keep them far apart, to prevent conversation. Passing by a spring, they requested permission to drink.

"'No!' replied the unterrified boy, understand-

ing their design. 'You can do as well without it as myself; you shall have some by and by.'

"Soon after, his father, at the head of a party of soldiers in the pursuit, galloped past in the road within a short distance. Tunis hallooed, but the clattering of their horse's hoofs drowned his voice. At length he reached the village, and lodged his prisoners in the county prison.

"It was subsequently discovered that these men were brothers, from near Philadelphia, that they had robbed and murdered a Mr. Boyd, a collector of taxes in Chester County, and, when taken, were on their way to join the British. As they had been apprehended on suspicions merely of being refugees, no definite charge could be brought against them. A few days after, sheriff Firman saw an advertisement in a Philadelphia paper, describing them, with the facts above mentioned, and a reward of $20,000 (*Continental* money) offered for their apprehension. He, accompanied by his son, took them on there, where they were tried and executed. On entering Philadelphia, young Tunis was carried through the streets in triumph upon the shoulders of the military. In the latter part of the war, this young man became very active, and was the particular favorite of Gen. David Forman."

THE ENTRAPPED GRENADIER.

"It happened in 1776, that the garden of a widow, which lay between the American and British camps in the neighborhood of New York, was frequently robbed at night. Her son, a mere boy, and small for his age, having obtained his mother's permission to find out and secure the thief, in case he should return, concealed himself with a gun among the weeds. A strapping highlander, belonging to the British grenadiers, came, and having filled a large bag, threw it over his shoulder; the boy then left his covert, went softly behind him, cocked his gun, and called out to the fellow, 'You are my prisoner: if you attempt to put your bag down, I will shoot you dead; go forward in that road.' The boy kept close behind him, threatened, and was constantly prepared to execute his threats. Thus the boy drove him into the American camp, when he was secured. When the grenadier was at liberty to throw down his bag, and saw who had made him prisoner, he was extremely mortified, and exclaimed, 'a British grenadier made prisoner by such a brat!' The American officers were highly entertained with the adventure, made a collection for the boy, and gave him several pounds. He returned, fully satisfied for the losses his mother sustained. The soldier

had side arms, but they were of no use, as he could not get rid of his bag."

THE YOUNG PATRIOT.

"Zaccheus Wilson was found on the flank of the British army under Cornwallis, with his gun, endeavoring to diminish his majesty's forces. He was immediately taken to the head of the column, and catechized by Cornwallis, who took the boy along with him on the march, telling him that he must act as his guide to the Catawba, and show him the best ford. Arriving at the river, the head of the army entered at the point designated by the lad, but the soldiers had scarcely gone half across, before they found themselves in deep water—and drawn by a rapid current down the stream. Believing that the boy, on whom he had relied, to show him the best ford, had purposely brought him to a deep one, in order to embarrass his march, the general drew his sword, and flourishing it over him swore he would cut off his head for his treachery. Zaccheus replied, that he had the power to do so, as he had no arms, and was his prisoner; 'but sir,' said he, 'don't you think it would be a cowardly act for you to strike an unarmed boy with your sword? If I had but the half of your weapon, it would not be so cow-

ardly; but then you know it would not be so safe!'

"Struck by the lad's cool courage, the general became calmer—told him he was a fine fellow, and that he would not hurt a hair of his head. Having discovered that the ford was shallow enough by bearing up stream, the British army crossed over in safety, and proceeded toward Winnsboro. On this march, Cornwallis dismissed Zaccheus, telling him to go home and take care of his mother, and to tell her to keep her boys at home.

THE DEVOTED SON.

In the first battle in the South, Captain Messer was made prisoner, and was sentenced to be hanged the day after the battle. His wife, informed of his intended fate, hastened to him with her little son, a lad ten years old. She pleaded for her husband's life in vain. Messer was led to execution while his wife lay weeping upon the ground, her boy at her side. Just as Messer was to be drawn up, the boy went to General Tryon and said, "Sir, hang me, and let my father live."

"Who told you to say that?" said the governor.

"Nobody," replied the lord.

"And why," said the governor, "do you ask that?"

"Because," the boy replied, "if you hang my father, my mother will die, and the children will perish." The heart of the governor was touched, "Your father shall not be hanged to-day," was his reply, and Messer was offered his liberty under conditions with which he attempted to comply.

XIX.

ADVENTURES WITH THE INDIANS.

A GREAT many narrow escapes and strange adventures occurred during the times of Washington, with our Indian enemies. The English were so cruel as not only to hire German mercenaries to come over and make war upon us, but they also stirred up the Indians along the borders to be our enemies, and were even found with them in some of their terrible incursions upon the defenceless people on the frontiers. This has always been considered very cruel and heartless on the part of the English, as they well knew the peculiar warfare of the savages, which was to kill and destroy women and children, as well as armed warriors. In civilized warfare all helpless people, all old, sick, and unarmed people, and especially women and children, are respected and protected, and our English enemies, being aware of this difference between savages and others, were as guilty as the Indians themselves, if not more so, in employing them and even aiding them to make

war upon us. A terrible and fearful war it was; its ravages occurring more particularly in Northern Pennsylvania, and all along the Mohawk Valley in the State of New York. The Indians gathered together along the Canada line, and being armed by the English, they poured down in great bands or armies upon the frontiers, burning, killing, and capturing all they could find. They were impelled not only by their own native ferocity, but by the hope of gain —blankets, whisky, money, and ammunition being the promised rewards of their cruelty. Sometimes they took prisoners and carried them into Canada through those trackless forests, where they were hurled into dungeons, or handed over to the savages to be tortured to death by slow degrees. Sometimes they snatched children from the arms of their parents, and carried them into their secret haunts, where they never again could see their parents, friends, or their old homes. In the story of Francis Slocum, in another part of this volume, you will find a startling tale of this kind. In the present chapter we propose to relate some of the startling incidents which occurred during that period.

A NOVEL SITUATION.

"In the fall of 1781 a man was captured in the vicinity of Fort Plain, Montgomery Co., N. Y., by seven Indians and hurried off into the wilderness. At night the party halted at a deserted log tenement. The Indians built a fire, and after supper gathered around it discussing the misfortunes of their expedition which thus far had resulted in but a few scalps, and only one prisoner. They therefore resolved to kill and scalp their captive in the morning, and return toward the Mohawk with the hope of better success. Upon this conclusion they stretched themselves upon the floor for sleep, with their prisoner between two of them, who was bound by cords which were also fastened to the bodies of his keepers. The whole of the discussion carried on by the savages was understood by the captive, who, in the greatest alarm at his approaching fate, began to tax his ingenuity for some way to escape. The Indians were soon in a sound slumber, but their white companion kept wide awake, vainly striving to devise a plan for his escape, and beginning to despair and to yield himself to his doom, when, as he accidentally moved his hand upon the floor, it rested upon a fragment of broken window glass.

"No sooner did the prisoner seize the glass, than

a ray of hope entered his bosom, and with this frail assistant he instantly set about regaining his liberty. He commenced severing the rope across his breast, and soon it was stranded. The moment was one of intense excitement; he knew that it was the usual custom for one or more of an Indian party to keep watch and prevent the escape of their prisoners. Was he then watched? Should he go on, with the possibility of hastening his own doom, or wait and see if some remarkable interposition of Providence might save him? A monitor within whispered, 'Faith without works is dead,' and after a little pause in his efforts, he resumed them, and soon had parted another strand; and as no movement was made, he tremblingly cut another; it was the last, and as it yielded he sat up. He was then enabled to take a midnight view of the group around him, in the feeble light reflected from the moon through a small window of a single sash. The enemy appeared to sleep, and he soon separated the cords across his limbs. He then advanced to the fire and raked open the coals, which reflected their partial rays upon the painted visages of those misguided heathen, whom British gold had bribed to deeds of damning darkness; and being fully satisfied that all were sound asleep, he approached the door.

"The Indians had a large watch-dog outside the

house. He cautiously opened the door, sprang out and ran, and as he had anticipated, the dog was yelling at his heels. He had about twenty rods to run across a cleared field before he could reach the woods; and as he neared them, he looked back, and in the clear light of the moon, saw the Indians all in pursuit.. As he neared the forest, they all drew up their rifles and fired upon him, at which instant a strong vine caught his foot and he fell to the ground. The volley of balls passed over him, and bounding to his feet, he gained the beechen shade. Not far from where he entered, he had noticed the preceding evening, a large hollow log, and on coming to it he sought safety within it. The dog, at first ran several rods past the log, which served to mislead the party, but soon returned near it, and ceased barking, without a visit to the entrance of the captive's retreat.

"The Indians sat down over him, and talked about their prisoner's escape. They finally came to the conclusion, that he had either ascended a tree near, or that the *devil* had aided him in his escape, which to them appeared the most reasonable conclusion. The savages were very prone to attribute every mysterious event to the agency of the Prince of Darkness. As morning was approaching, they determined on taking an early breakfast, and return-

ing to the river settlements, leaving one of their number to keep a vigilant watch in that neighborhood, for their captive, till afternoon of the following day, when he was to join his fellows at a designated place. This plan settled, an Indian proceeded to an adjoining field, where a small flock of sheep had not escaped their notice, and shot one of them. While enough of the mutton was dressing to satisfy their immediate wants, others of the party struck up a fire, which they chanced, most unfortunately for his comfort, to build against the log *directly opposite their lost prisoner.* The heat became almost intolerable to the tenant of the fallen basswood, before the meat was cooked—besides, the smoke and steam which found their way through the small worm-holes and cracks, had nearly suffocated him, ere he could sufficiently stop their ingress, which was done by thrusting a quantity of leaves and part of his own clothing into the crannies. A cough, which he knew would insure his death, he found it most difficult to avoid: to back out of his hiding-place would also seal his fate, while to remain in it much longer, he felt conscious, would render his situation, to say the least, not enviable.

"After suffering most acutely in body and mind for a time, the prisoner (who was again such by accident), found his miseries alleviated when the

Indians began to eat, as they then let the fire burn down, and did not again replenish it. After they had dispatched their breakfast of mutton, the prisoner heard the leader caution the one left to watch in that vicinity, to be wary, and soon heard the retiring footsteps of the rest of the party. Often during the morning, the watchman was seated or standing over him. Not having heard the Indian for some time, and believing the hour of his espionage past, he cautiously crept out of the log; and finding himself alone, being prepared by fasting and steaming for a good race, he drew a bee-line for Fort Plain, which he reached in safety, believing, as he afterward stated, that all the Indians in the State could not have overtaken him in his flight."

CHERRY VALLEY.

In the massacre of Cherry Valley Mrs. Clyde, wife of Col. Clyde, on the approach of the Indians, collected together her children, and fled to the woods. That entire day, and all the succeeding night, she lay concealed under a log, with her children, and one of them an infant, gathered around her, with a pitiless storm of snow and rain chilling them to the bones, and the frightful yells of the savages and the shrieks of the murdered inhabitants falling fearfully

upon their ears. Parties of the savages passed by where she lay, and one so near that the butt of his gun trailed upon the log as he passed. At last a party from the fort, at the intercession of her husband, sallied out to her rescue, and brought them into the fort drenched with rain, and stiffened with cold. Mrs. Clyde had been unaccompanied by her eldest daughter, about ten years of age, and she supposed her to be safe in the fort, but when she arrived there, she learned that the little girl had not been seen. She was afterward discovered. When fleeing from the house, she had escaped to the woods alone, and had remained concealed all this while, thinly clad, and thus greatly exposed to the severity of the weather, and racked with momentary apprehensions of death.

AN ACT OF HEROISM.

General Benjamin Logan, resided in a small settlement called Logan's Fort, in Kentucky. Here on one occasion he distinguished himself by an act of generous courage worthy of note. "In the month of May, 1777, as the women of his family were milking the cows at the gate of the little fort, and some of the garrison attending them, a party of Indians appeared and fired upon them. One man was killed,

and two more wounded. The whole party, including one of the wounded, ran instantly into the fort, and closed the gate. The enemy quickly showed themselves upon the edge of a canebrake, within close rifle-shot of the gate, and seemed numerous and determined. Having a moment's leisure to look around, Logan beheld a spectacle which awakened his most lively interest and compassion.

"A man named Harrison had been severely wounded, and still lay near the spot where he had fallen, within view both of the garrison and the Indians. The poor fellow was, at intervals, endeavoring to crawl in the direction of the fort, and had succeeded in reaching a cluster of bushes, which, however, were too thin to shelter his person from the enemy. His wife and family were in the fort, and in deep distress at his situation. The Indians undoubtedly forbore to fire upon him, from the supposition that some of the garrison would attempt to save him, in which case, they held themselves in readiness to fire upon them from the canebrake. The case was a trying one. It seemed impossible to save him without sacrificing the lives of several of the garrison; and their numbers were already far too few for an effectual defence, having originally amounted only to fifteen men, of whom three had already been put *hors de combat.*

"Yet the spectacle was so moving, and the lamentations of the wounded man's family so distressing, that it was difficult to resist making an effort to rescue him. Logan tried to persuade some of his men to accompany him in a sally, but so evident and apalling was the danger, that all at first refused; one herculean fellow observing that he was a 'weakly man,' and another declaring that he was sorry for Harrison, but that 'the skin was closer than the shirt.' At length John Martin collected his courage, and declared his willingness to accompany Logan, saying, that 'he could only die once, and that he was ready now as he ever could be.' The two men opened the gate, and started upon their expedition, Logan leading the way.

"They had not advanced five steps, when Harrison, perceiving them, made a vigorous effort to rise, upon which Martin, supposing him able to help himself, immediately sprang back within the gate.

"Harrison's strength almost instantly failed, and he fell at full length upon the grass. Logan paused a moment after the desertion of Martin, then suddenly sprang forward to the spot where Harrison lay, rushing through a tremendous shower of rifle-balls which was poured upon him from every quarter around the fort, capable of covering an Indian. Seizing the wounded man in his arms, he ran with

him to the fort, through another heavy fire, and entered it unhurt, although the gate and picketing near him were riddled with balls, and his hat and clothes pierced in several places."

AN INGENIOUS STRATAGEM.

"In the early part of the war, a sergeant and twelve armed men undertook a journey through the wilderness, in the State of New Hampshire. Their route was remote from any settlements, and they were under the necessity of encamping over night in the woods. Nothing material happened the first day of their excursion; but early in the afternoon of the second, they, from an eminence, discovered a body of armed Indians advancing toward them, whose number rather exceeded their own. As soon as the whites were perceived by their red brethren, the latter made signals, and the two parties approached each other in an amicable manner. The Indians appeared to be much gratified with meeting the sergeant and his men, whom, they observed, they considered as their protectors; said they belonged to a tribe which had raised the hatchet with zeal in the cause of liberty, and were determined to do all in their power to repel the common enemy. They shook hands in friendship, and it was, 'How

d'ye do *pro?* how d'ye do *pro?*' that being their pronunciation of the word brother. When they had conversed with each other for some time, and exchanged mutual good wishes, they at length separated, and each party travelled in a different direction. After proceeding to the distance of a mile or more, the sergeant, who was acquainted with all the different tribes, and knew on which side of the contest they were respectively ranked, halted his men and addressed them in the following words:

"'My brave companions, we must use the utmost caution, or this night may be our last. Should we not make some extraordinary exertions to defend ourselves, to-morrow's sun may find us sleeping never to wake. You are surprised comrades, at my words, and your anxiety will not be lessened, when I inform you, that we have just passed our most inveterate foe, who, under the mask of pretended friendship you have witnessed, would lull us to security, and by such means, in the unguarded moments of our midnight slumber, without resistance, seal our fate.'

"The men with astonishment listened to this short harangue; and their surprise was greater, as not one of them had entertained the suspicion but they had just encountered friends. They all immediately resolved to enter into some scheme for

their mutual preservation and the destruction of their enemies. By the proposal of their leader, the following plan was adopted and executed:

"The spot selected for their night's encampment was near a stream of water, which served to cover their rear. They felled a large tree, before which, on the approach of night, a brilliant fire was lighted. Each individual cut a log of wood about the size of his body, rolled it nicely in his blanket, placed his hat upon the extremity, and laid it before the fire; that the enemy might be deceived, and mistake it for a man. After logs equal in number to the sergeant's party were thus fitted out, and so artfully arranged, that they might be easily mistaken for so many soldiers, the men with loaded muskets placed themselves behind the fallen tree, by which time the shades of evening began to close around. The fire was supplied in fuel, and kept burning brilliantly until late in the evening, when it was suffered to decline. The critical time was now approaching, when an attack might be expected from the Indians; but the sergeant's men rested in their place of concealment with great anxiety, till near midnight, without perceiving any movement of the enemy.

"At length a tall Indian was discovered through the glimmering of the fire, cautiously moving toward them, making no noise, and apparently

using every means in his power to conceal himself from any one about the camp. For a time his actions showed him to be suspicious that a guard might be stationed to watch any unusual appearance, who would give the alarm in case of danger; but all appearing quiet, he ventured forward more boldly, rested upon his toes, and was distinctly seen to move his finger as he numbered each log of wood, or what he supposed to be a human being quietly enjoying repose. To satisfy himself more fully, as to the number, he counted them over a second time, and cautiously retired. He was succeeded by another Indian, who went through the same movements, and retired in the same manner. Soon after the whole party, sixteen in number, were discovered approaching, and greedily eyeing their supposed victims. The feelings of the sergeant's men can better be imagined than described, when they saw the base and cruel purpose of their enemies, who were now so near that they could scarcely be restrained from firing upon them. The plan however, of the sergeant, was to have his men remain silent in their places of concealment till the muskets of the savages were discharged, that their own fire might be effectual, and opposition less formidable.

"Their suspense was not of long duration. The Indians, in a body, cautiously approached till within

a short distance; they then halted, took deliberate aim, discharged their pieces upon inanimate *logs*, gave the dreadful warwhoop, and instantly rushed forward, with tomahawk and scalping knife in hand, to dispatch the living, and obtain the scalps of the dead. As soon as they had collected in close order, more effectually to execute their horrid intentions, the party of the sergeant discharged their pieces, not on logs of wood, but perfidious savages, many of whom fell under the hot fire of the little band, and the rest precipitately fled. But for this scheme, it is probable that not one of these twelve men would have escaped the tomahawk of the savages."

THE DAVIESS FAMILY.

In the autumn of the year 1779, Samuel Daviess, who resided in Bedford County, Virginia, moved with his family to Kentucky, and took up his abode at Whitley's station, in Lincoln. After residing for some time at this place, he removed with his family to a spot called Gilmer's Lick, some six or seven miles distant, where he built a cabin, and cleared some land, which he planted with corn the next season, not apprehending any danger from the Indians, although he was considered a frontier settler.

But this imaginary state of security did not last

long; for on a morning in the month of August, in the year 1782, having stepped a few paces from his door, he was suddenly surprised by an Indian's appearing between him and the door, with tomahawk uplifted, almost within striking distance. In this unexpected condition, and being entirely unarmed, his first thought was, that by running around the house, he could enter the door in safety; but to his surprise, in attempting to effect this object, as he approached the door, he found the house full of Indians. Being closely pursued by the first Indian, he made his way into the cornfield, where he concealed himself, with much difficulty, until the pursuing Indian had returned to the house.

Unable as he was to render any relief to his family —there being five Indians—he ran with the utmost speed to the station of his brother, James Daviess—a distance of five miles. As he approached the station, his undressed condition told the tale of his distresses, before he was able to tell it himself. Almost breathless, and with a faltering voice, he could only say, his wife and children were in the hands of the Indians. Scarcely was the communication made when he obtained a spare gun, and the five men in the station, well armed, followed him to his residence.

When they arrived at the house, the Indians, as

well as the family, were not to be found, and no evidence appeared that any of the family had been killed. A search was made after the direction the Indians had taken; but ownig to the dryness of the ground, and the adroit manner in which they had departed, no discovery ensued. In this state of perplexity, the party being all good woodsmen, took that direction in pursuit of the Indians, which they thought it most probable they would adopt. After going a few miles, their attention was arrested by the howling of a dog, which afterward turned out to be the housedog that had followed the family, and which an Indian had undertaken to kill, so as to avoid detection, which might result from his occasionally barking. In attempting to kill the dog he only wounded it, which produced the howling that was heard. The noise thus heard satisfied them that they were near the Indians, and enabled them to rush forward with the utmost impetuosity.

Two of the Indians being in the rear as spies, discovering the approach of the party, ran forward where the other Indians were with the family. One of them knocked down the oldest boy, about eleven years old, and while in the act of scalping him, was fired at, but without effect. Mrs. Daviess, seeing the agitation and alarm of the Indians, saved herself *and sucking* child, by jumping into a sink-hole.

The Indians did not stop to secure their prisoners, but fled in the most precipitate manner.

In this way, the family was rescued by nine o'clock in the morning, without the loss of a single life, and without any injury but that above mentioned. So soon as the boy had risen on his feet, the first words he spoke were, "*Curse that Indian, he has got my scalp.*" After the family had been rescued, Mrs. Daviess gave the following account of the manner in which the Indians had acted. A few minutes after her husband had stepped out of the house, four Indians rushed in, while the fifth, as she afterward found out, was in pursuit of her husband. She and the children were in bed when the Indians entered the house. One of the Indians immediately made signs, by which she understood him to inquire how far it was to the next house. With an unusual presence of mind, knowing how important it would be to make the distance as far as possible, she raised both her hands, first counting the fingers of one hand then of the other—making a distance of eight miles. The Indian then signified to her that she must rise; she immediately got up, and as soon as she could dress herself, commenced showing the Indians one article of clothing and then another, which pleased them very much; and in that way delayed them at the house nearly two hours.

In the meantime, the Indian who had been in pursuit of her husband, returned with his hands stained with pokeberries, which he held up, and with some violent gestures, and waving of his tomahawk, attempted to induce the belief that the stain on his hands was the blood of her husband, and that he had killed him. She was enabled at once to discover the deception, and instead of producing any alarm in her mind, it satisfied her that her husband had escaped uninjured.

After the savages had plundered the house of everything that they could conveniently carry off with them, they started, taking Mrs. Daviess and her children—seven in number, as prisoners. Some of the children were too young to travel as fast as the Indians wished, and discovering, as she believed, their intention to kill such of them as could not conveniently travel, she made the two oldest boys carry them on their backs. The Indians, in starting from the house, were very careful to leave no signs of the direction they had taken, not even permitting the children to break a twig or weed, as they passed along. They had not gone far, before an Indian drew his knife and cut off a few inches of Mrs. Daviess's dress, so that she would not be interrupted in travelling.

Mrs. Daviess was a woman of cool, deliberate

courage, and accustomed to handle the gun so that she could shoot well, as many of the women were in the habit of doing in those days. She had contemplated, as a last resort, that if not rescued in the course of the day, when night came, and the Indians had fallen asleep, she would deliver herself and children by killing as many of the Indians as she could—thinking that in a night attack as many of them as were spared would most probably run off. Such an attempt would now seem a species of madness; but to those who were acquainted with Mrs. Daviess, little doubt was entertained that if the attempt had been made, it would have proved successful.

The boy who had been scalped was greatly disfigured, as the hair never after grew upon that part of his head. He often wished for an opportunity to avenge himself upon the Indians for the injury he had received. Unfortunately for himself, ten years afterward the Indians came to the neighborhood of his father and stole a number of horses. With a party of men he went in pursuit of them, and after following them for some days, the Indians finding that they were likely to be overtaken, placed themselves in ambush, and when their pursuers came up, killed young Daviess and one other man; so that he

ultimately fell into their hands when about twenty-one years old.

The next year after, the father died, his death being caused, as it was supposed, by the extraordinary efforts he made to release his family from the Indians.

Another act of courage displayed by Mrs. Daviess, is calculated to exhibit her character in its true point of view.

Kentucky, in its early days, like most new countries, was occasionally troubled by men of abandoned character, who lived by stealing the property of others, and, after committing their depredations, retired to their hiding-places, thereby eluding the operation of the law. One of these marauders, a man of desperate character, who had committed extensive thefts from Mr. Daviess as well as from his neighbors, was pursued by Daviess and a party whose property he had taken, in order to bring him to justice. While the party were in pursuit, the suspected individual, not knowing any one was pursuing him, came to the house of Daviess, armed with his gun and tomahawk—no person being at home but Mrs. Daviess and her children. After he had entered the house, Mrs. Daviess asked him if he would drink something—and having set a bottle of whisky upon the table, requested him to help

himself. The fellow not suspecting any danger, set his gun up by the door, and while drinking, Mrs. Daviess picked up his gun, and placing herself in the door, had the gun cocked and levelled upon him by the time he turned around, and in a peremptory manner ordered him to take a seat, or she would shoot him. Struck with terror and alarm, he asked what he had done. She told him he had stolen her husband's property, and that she intended to take care of him herself. In that condition, she held him a prisoner, until the party of men returned and took him into their possession.

XX.

BRITISH PRISONS AND PRISON SHIPS.

THE British entered the city of New York after the battle of Long Island, September 15th, 1776. They held at that time a large number of American prisoners; the capture of Fort Washington and their recent victory on Long Island throwing into their hands a total of nearly three thousand persons. To these must be added such private citizens as were arrested for their political principles, in the city and its vicinity, which probably increased the number to nearly five thousand. The sudden influx of so many prisoners was of itself sufficient to embarrass Sir William Howe, the British commander, but does not justify the studied cruelty evinced by those in charge of them, or the cruel negligence of the general-in-chief. To accommodate this large number, the various churches were transformed into prisons, and these still proving inadequate, several ships were anchored in Wallabout Bay and used as prisons. In these hulks large numbers were crowded, where the ven-

tilation was inadequate, while their provisions were insufficient and poor. Disease broke out among them; the suffering and mortality became fearful. The principal of these ships was the *Jersey*, and it is asserted that nearly twelve thousand American prisoners died on board this ship from the inhuman usage which they received from their jailers. If to this number we add the very large mortality in the prisons within the city, we have an aggregate of nearly twenty thousand deaths, occurring under circumstances of lasting disgrace to the British invaders. As an evidence of the sufferings which our countrymen experienced, and the cruelty practised upon them, we have only to refer to the confession of Cunningham, the Provost Marshal, who being condemned to death in London for forgery, in 1791, declared, in his dying speech, that he shuddered to think of the murders he had been accessary to especially in New York, where more than two thousand prisoners were starved by stopping their rations, which he sold.

The Provost, of which Cunningham was marshal, was the building now known as the Hall of Records, in the Park. "It was designed," says Pentard, "for the more notorious rebels, civil, naval, and military. An admission into this modern bastile was enough to appall the stoutest heart. On the right

hand of the main door was Captain Cunningham's quarters; opposite to which was the guard-room. Within the first barricade was Sergeant O'Keefe's apartment. At the entrance door two sentinels were always posted, by day and night. Two more at the first and second barricades, which were grated, barred, and chained; also at the rear door, and on the platform at the grated door, at the foot of the second flight of steps, leading to the rooms and cells in the second and third stories. When a prisoner, escorted by soldiers, was led into the hall, the whole guard was paraded, and he was delivered over with all formality to Capt. Cunningham or his deputy, and questioned as to his name, size, age, etc., all of which were entered in a record book. What, with the bristling of arms, unbolting of bars and locks, clanking of enormous iron chains, and a vestibule dark as Erebus, the unfortunate captive might well shrink under the infernal sight and parade of tyrannical power, as he crossed the threshold of that door which positively closed on him for life. The northeast chamber, turning to the left, on the second floor, was appropriated to officers and characters of superior rank, and was called Congress Hall. So closely were they packed, that when they lay down at night to rest, when their bones ached on the hard oak planks, and they wished to turn, it was alto-

gether by word of command, '*right—left*,' being so wedged as to form almost a solid mass of human bodies. In the day-time the packs and blankets of the prisoners were suspended around the walls, every precaution being used to keep the rooms ventilated, and the walls and floors clean, to prevent jail-fever; and as the Provost was generally crowded with American prisoners or British culprits of every description, it is really wonderful that infection never broke out within its walls. In this gloomy abode were incarcerated at different periods many American officers and citizens of distinction, awaiting with sickening hope the protracted period of their liberation. Could these dumb walls speak, what scenes of anguish might they not disclose! The captain and his deputy were enabled to fare sumptuously, by dint of curtailing the prisoners' rations, exchanging good for bad provisions, and other embezzlements. In the drunken orgies that usually terminated his dinners, Cunningham would order the rebel prisoners to turn out and parade for the amusement of his guests.

"Many prisoners," writes one who was a sufferer among the patriots who in this way were martyred to their country, "many prisoners died from want, and others were reduced to such wretchedness as to attract the compassion of the most abandoned. No

care was taken of the sick, and if any died, they were thrown at the door of the prison, and lay there till next day, when they were put on a cart and drawn out to the intrenchments, beyond the Jews' burial-ground, where they were interred by their fellow-prisoners, conducted thither for that purpose. The dead were thrown into holes promiscuously, without the usual rites of sepulture."

But the horrors on board the prison-ships outdid those of the Provost. "We were confined," wrote one who survived the hardship of confinement, "so that we had not room to lie down all at once to sleep. It was the most horrible, cursed hole that can be thought of."

"About three weeks ago," states the "Connecticut Gazette" of the period, "Robert Sheffield, of Stonington, made his escape from New York, after confinement on board a prison-ship. After he was taken, he with his crew (10) were thrust into the forepeak and put in irons. On their arrival at New York, they were carried on board a prison-ship and to the hatchways, on opening which, tell not of Pandora's Box, for that must be an alabaster-box, in comparison to the opening of those hatches. True there were gratings, but they kept their boats upon them. The steam of the hold was enough to scald the skin and take away the breath—the stench

enough to poison the air all around. On his descending these dreary mansions of woe, and beholding the numerous spectacles of wretchedness and despair, his soul fainted within him. The heat was so intense (the hot sun shining all day on deck) that they were all naked, which also served the well to get rid of vermin, but the sick were eaten up alive. Their sickly countenances and ghastly looks were truly horrible; some blaspheming; some crying, praying, and wringing their hands, and stalking about like ghosts; others delirious, raving, and storming; some groaning and dying—all panting for breath; some dead and corrupting—air so foul at times that a lamp could not be kept burning, by reason of which the boys were not missed till they had been dead ten days."

This terrible picture would appear overdrawn were it not verified by numerous witnesses. "Two young brothers, belonging to a rifle corps, were made prisoners, and sent on board the Jersey. The elder took the fever, and in a few days became delirious. One night (his end was fast approaching) he became calm and sensible, and lamenting his hard fate, and the absence of his mother, begged for a little water. His brother, with tears, entreated the guard to give him some, but in vain. The sick youth was soon in his last struggles, when his

brother offered the guard a guinea for an inch of candle, only that he might see him die. Even this was refused. 'Now,' said he, drying up his tears, 'if it please God that I ever regain my liberty, I'll be a most bitter enemy!'" He regained his liberty, rejoined the army, and as he threatened, became a most vindictive and remorseless enemy to the last. Revenge is a terrible passion, but we cannot but feel that the circumstances in this young man's case were somewhat extenuating.

So great were the sufferings of our American prisoners, that Washington remonstrated with the British commander, addressing him a note in these words: "My injured countrymen have long called on me to obtain redress of their grievances. I am sorry I am again under the necessity of remonstrating to you on the treatment which our prisoners continue to receive in New York. Those who have lately been sent out, giving the most shocking accounts of their barbarous usage, which their miserable emaciated countenances confirm. If a real scarcity of provisions and fuel, at this inclement season, is the cause that our prisoners are debarred from them, common humanity points out a mode, which is, to suffer them to go home under parole not to serve during the war, or until an equal number are released by us. Most of the prisoners

who have returned home, have informed me they were offered better treatment, provided they would enlist in your service."

Fortunately there were occasionally escapes from the prisons and ships. On one occasion four prisoners escaped from the Jersey very ingeniously. One having, as by accident, thrown his hat overboard, begged leave to go after it in a small boat, which lay along-side. A sentinel with only his side-arms got into the boat. Having reached the hat, they secured the sentinel and made for the New Jersey shore, though several armed boats pursued, and shot were fired from the shipping.

A prisoner by the name of Manley gives the following account of an escape from the Jersey: "I was one," he writes, "of eight hundred and fifty souls confined in the Jersey, in the summer of 1781, and witnessed several daring attempts to escape. They generally ended tragically. They were always undertaken in the night, after wrenching or filing the bars off the port-holes. Having been on board several weeks, and goaded to death in various ways, four of us concluded to run the hazard. We set to work and got the bars off, and waited impatiently for a dark night; we lay in front of Mr. Remsen's door inside of the pier head, and not more than twenty yards distant. There were two guard

sloops, one on our bow and the other off our quarter, a short distance from us. The dark night came—the first two were lowered quietly into the water—the third made some rumbling. I was the fourth that descended, but had not struck off from the vessel before the guards were alarmed, and fired upon us. The alarm became general, and I was immediately hauled on board. They manned their boats, and with their lights and implements of death, were quick in pursuit of the unfortunates, cursing and swearing, and bellowing and firing. It was awful to witness this scene of blood. It lasted about one hour—all on board trembling for our shipmates. These desperadoes returned to their different vessels rejoicing that they killed three rebels.

"About three years after this I saw a gentleman in John street, near Nassau, who accosted me thus: 'Manley, how do you do?' I could not recollect him. 'Is it possible you do not know me? recollect the old Jersey,' and he opened his vest and bared his breast. I immediately said to him, 'You are James M'Clean.' 'I am,' he replied. We both stepped into a public house, and he related his marvellous escape to me.

"They pursued me; I frequently dived to evade them, and when I came up they fired at me. I

caught my breath, and immediately dove again, and held my breath, till I crawled along in the mud. They, no doubt, thought they had killed me. I, however, with much exertion, though weak and wounded, made out to reach the shore and get into a barn, not far from the ship. The farmer, the next morning, came into his barn, saw me lying on the floor, and ran out in a fright. I begged him to come to me, and he did. I gave an account of myself; where I was from; how I was pursued. He saw my wounds; took pity on me; sent for his wife, and bound up my wounds, and kept me in the barn till nightfall; took me into his house; nursed me secretly, and then furnished me with clothing, etc.; and when I was restored, he took me with him in his market boat to this city, went over with me to the west side, provided me a passage over to Bergen, and I landed somewhere in Communipaw. Some friends helped me across Newark Bay, and then I worked my way until I reached Baltimore, to the great joy of all my friends."

The few that survived or escaped from imprisonment in the prisons and prison-ships of New York, have left on record the stories of their sufferings; but no doubt there were many who died in these prisons, whose histories, if told, would excite a profounder sorrow and livelier indignation. But the facts as we

have them appear almost incredible, and might well excite our suspicion were they not confirmed even by the British themselves. The confession of the criminal, Cunningham, in substantiating the statements made in reference to the Provost, place beyond all question or doubt statements which refer to the ships and other prisons. To the martyrs who died in the prisons within the city, an appropriate monument has been erected in Trinity churchyard, on a spot where many of them were buried. The monument is similar in style to the architecture of the church, and is undoubtedly the richest and purest specimen of gothic monumental architecture in this country. Its form is like those beautiful monumental crosses which so frequently delight the eye and gratify the taste of the traveller in European cities. It is erected upon a granite octagonal platform of four steps, three feet in height and twenty-four feet in diameter. This platform supports a pedestal sixteen feet square, flanked by buttresses. The die of the pedestal is richly diapered, and in the centre is the slab upon which the inscription is inscribed. The pedestal supports a rich and massive canopy, on the crocketed pediments of which is carved the American star. The monument—which is seventy feet high—is capped by a globe and the American eagle. Under the

canopy will be placed a sarcophagus, surmounted by military trophies. The inscription is in these words:

Sacred to the Memory of
Those Brave and Good Men who Died while Imprisoned in this City, for their Devotion to the
CAUSE OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

XXI.

ADVENTURE OF LIEUT. SLOCUMB.

THE account of the interesting adventures of Lieutenant Slocumb that follows we draw from Mrs. Ellett's "Women of the Revolution." "When Lord Cornwallis set out from Washington with the avowed purpose of conquering Virginia, he encamped on the march from Halifax on the Neuse, in what is now called Wayne Co., North Carolina. His head-quarters were at Springbank, where Colonel Tarleton, with his renowned legion, encamped on the plantation of Lieutenant Slocumb. This consisted of level and extensive fields, which at that season presented a most inviting view of fresh verdure from the mansion house. Lord Cornwallis himself gave it the name of "Pleasant Green," which it ever afterward retained. The owner of this fine estate, held a subaltern's commission in the state line under Colonel Washington, and was in command of a troop of light horse, raised in his own neighborhood, whose general duty it was to act as

rangers, scouring the country for many miles around, watching the movements of the enemy, and punishing the Loyalists when detected in their vocation of pillage and murder. These excursions had been frequent, for two or three years, and were often of several weeks' duration. At the present time, Slocumb had returned to the vicinity, and had been sent with twelve or fifteen recruits to act as scouts in the neighborhood of the British general. The morning of the day on which Tarleton took possession of his plantation, he was near Springbank, and reconnoitered the encampment of Cornwallis, which he supposed to be his whole force. He then, with his party, pursued his way slowly back in the direction of his own house, little dreaming that his beautiful and peaceful home, where, some time before, he had left his wife and child, was then in possession of the terrible Tarleton.

"During these frequent excursions of the rangers, and the necessary absence of her husband, the superintendence of the plantation had always devolved upon Mrs. Slocumb. She depended for protection upon her slaves, whose fidelity she had proved, and upon her own fearless and intrepid spirit. The scene of the occupation of her house, and Tarleton's residence with her, are drawn from her own relation.

"It was about ten o'clock, on a beautiful spring

morning, that a splendidly dressed officer, accompanied by two aids, and followed at a short distance by a guard of some twenty troopers, dashed up to the piazza in front of the ancient-looking mansion. Mrs. Slocumb was sitting there, with her child and a near relative young lady, who afterward became the wife of Major Williams. A few house servants were also on the piazza.

"The officer raised his cap, and bowing to his horse's neck, addressed the lady with the question—

"'Have I the pleasure of seeing the mistress of this house and plantation?'

"'It belongs to my husband.'

"'Is he at home?'

"'He is not.'

"'Is he a rebel?'

"'No, sir. He is in the army of his country, and fighting against our invaders; therefore not a rebel.' It is not a little singular, that although the people of that period gloried in their rebellion, they always took offence at being called rebels.

"'I fear, madam,' said the officer, 'that we differ in opinion. A friend to his country, will be a friend of the king, our master.'

"'Slaves only acknowledge a master in this country,' replied the lady.

"A deep flush crossed the florid cheeks of Tarleton, for he was the speaker; and turning to one of his aids, he ordered him to pitch the tents, and form the encampment in the orchard and field on the right. To the other aid, his orders were to detach a quarter guard, and station piquets on each road. Then bowing very low, he added, 'Madam, the service of his majesty requires the temporary occupation of your property; and if it will not be too great an inconvenience, I will take up my quarters in your house.'

"The tone admitted no controversy. Mrs. Slocumb answered. 'My family consists of only myself, my sister and child, and a few negroes. We are your prisoners.'

"From the piazza where he seated himself, Tarleton commanded a view of the ground, on which his troops were arranging their camp. The mansion fronted the east, and an avenue one hundred and fifty feet wide, and about half a mile in length, stretched to the eastern side of the plantation, where was a highway, with open grounds beyond it, partly dry meadow and partly sand barren. This avenue was lined on the south side by a high fence, and a thick hedge-row of forest trees. These are now removed, and replaced by the 'Pride of India,' and other ornamental trees. On the north side, ex-

tended the common rail fence, seven or eight feet high, such as is usually seen on plantations in the low country. The encampment of the British troops being on that part of the plantation lying south of the avenue, it was completely screened by the fences and hedge-row, from the view of any one approaching from down the country.

"While the men were busied, different officers came up at intervals, making their reports and receiving orders. Among others, a Tory captain, whom Mrs. Slocumb immediately recognized—for before joining the royal army, he had lived fifteen or twenty miles below—received orders in her hearing, to take his troop and scour the country for two or three miles round.

"In an hour, everything was quiet, and the plantation presented the romantic spectacle of a regular encampment, of some ten or eleven hundred of the choicest cavalry of the British monarch.

"Mrs. Slocumb now addressed herself to the duty of preparing for her uninvited guests. A dinner was prepared, consisting of turkey, ham, beef, fowls, with vegetables, fruits, and some excellent peach brandy, prepared under Lieutenant Slocumb's own supervision. This latter beverage received the unqualified praise of the party, and its merits were fully discussed. A Scotch officer, praising it by the

name of whisky, protested that he had never drank as good out of Scotland. An officer speaking with a slight brogue, insisted it was not whisky, and that no Scotch drink ever equalled it. 'To my mind,' said he, 'it tastes as yonder orchard smells.'

"'Allow me, madam,' said Tarleton, 'to inquire where the spirits we are drinking is procured?'

"'From the orchard where your tents stand,' answered Mrs. Slocumb.

"'Colonel,' said the Irish captain, 'when we conquer this country, is it not to be divided out among us?'

"'The officers of this army,' replied the colonel, 'will undoubtedly receive large possessions of the conquered American provinces.'

"Mrs. Slocumb here interposed. 'Allow me to observe, and prophesy,' said she, 'the only land in the United States, which will ever remain in posses sion of a British officer, will measure but six feet by two.'

"'Excuse me, madame,' remarked Tarleton, 'for your sake I regret to say, this beautiful plantation will be the ducal seat of some of us.'

"'Don't trouble yourself about me," retorted the spirited lady. 'My husband is not a man who will allow a duke, or even a king, to have a quiet seat upon his ground.'

"At this point, the conversation was interrupted by rapid volleys of fire-arms, appearing to proceed from the wood, a short distance to the eastward. One of the aids pronounced it some straggling scout running from the picket-guard; but the experience of Colonel Tarleton could not be easily deceived.

"'There are rifles and muskets,' said he, 'as well as pistols; and too many to pass unnoticed. Order boots and saddles, and you, captain, take your troop in the direction of the firing.'

"The officer rushed out to execute his orders, while the colonel walked into the piazza, whither he was immediately followed by the anxious ladies. Mrs. Slocumb's agitation and alarm may be imagined, for she guessed but too well the cause of the interruption. On the first arrival of the officers, she had been importuned even with harsh threats—not, however, by Tarleton—to tell where her husband, when absent on duty, was likely to be found; but after her repeated and peremptory refusals, had escaped further molestation on the subject. She feared now that he had returned unexpectedly, and might fall into the enemy's hands before he was aware of their presence.

"Her sole hope was in a precaution she had adopted soon after the coming of her unwelcome guests. Having heard Tarleton give the order to

the Tory captain, as before mentioned, to patrol the county, she immediately sent for an old negro, and gave him directions to take a bag of corn to the mill, about four miles distant, on the road she knew her husband must travel, if he returned that day. 'Big George' was instructed to warn his master of the danger of approaching his home. With the indolence and curiosity natural to his race, however, the old fellow remained loitering about the premises, and was at this time lurking under the hedge row, admiring the red coats, dashing plumes, and shining helmets of the British troops.

"The colonel and the ladies continued on the look out from the piazza. 'May I be allowed, madam,' at length said Tarleton, 'without offence, to inquire if any part of Washington's army is in this neighborhood?'

"'I presume it is known to you,' said Mrs. Slocumb, 'that the Marquis and Greene are in this State. And you would not, of course,' she added, after a slight pause, 'be surprised at a call from Lee, or your old friend Colonel Washington, who, although a perfect gentleman, it is said, shook your hand (pointing to the scar left by Washington's sabre) very rudely when last you met.' *

* It is said that in a close encounter between Tarleton and

"This spirited answer inspired Tarleton with apprehensions that the skirmish in the woods was only the prelude to a concerted attack on his camp. His only reply was a loud order to form the troops on the right; and springing on his charger, he dashed down the avenue a few hundred feet, to a breach in the hedge-row, leaped the fence, and in a moment was at the head of his regiment, which was already in line.

"Meanwhile, Lieutenant Slocumb, with John Howell, a private in his band, Henry Williams, and the brother of Mrs. Slocumb, Charles Hook, a boy of about thirteen years of age, were leading a hot pursuit of the Tory captain who had been sent to reconnoitre the country, and some of his routed troop. These were first discerned in the open grounds east and northeast of the plantation, closely pursued by a body of American mounted militia; while a running fight was kept up with different weapons, in which four or five broadswords gleamed conspicuously. The foremost of the pursuing party appeared too busy with the Tories to see anything else; and they entered the avenue at the same moment with the party pursued. With what horror and consternation did Mrs. Slocumb recognize her husband, her brother, and two of her neighbors,

Col. Washington, at the battle of the Cowpens, the former was wounded by a sabre-cut in the hand.

in chase of the Tory captain and four of his band, already half way down the avenue, and unconscious that they were rushing into the enemy's midst.

"About the middle of the avenue one of the Tories fell; and the course of the brave and imprudent young officers was suddenly arrested by 'Big George,' who sprang directly in front of their horses, crying, 'Hold on, massa! de debbil here! Look you!' A glance to the left showed the young men their danger; they were within pistol shot of a thousand men drawn up in order of battle. Wheeling their horses they discovered a troop already leaping the fence into the avenue in their rear. Quick as thought, they again whirled their horses, and dashed down the avenue, directly toward the house, where stood the quarter guard to receive them. On reaching the garden fence—a rude structure formed of a kind of lath, and called a wattled fence—they leaped that and the next, amid a shower of balls from the guard, cleared the canal at one tremendous leap, and, scouring across the open field to the northwest, were in the shelter of the wood before their pursuers could clear the fence of the inclosure. The whole ground of this adventure may be seen as a traveller passes over the Wilmington Railroad, a mile and a half south of Dudley depot.

"A platoon had commenced the pursuit; but the

trumpets sounded the recall before the flying Americans had crossed the canal. The presence of mind and lofty language of the heroic wife, had convinced the British colonel that the daring men who so fearlessly dashed into his camp were supported by a formidable force close at hand. Had the truth been known, and the fugitives pursued, nothing could have prevented the destruction not only of the four who fled, but of the rest of the company on the east side of the plantation.

"Tarleton had rode back to the front of the house, where he remained eagerly looking after the fugitives till they disappeared in the wood. He called for the Tory captain, who presently came forward, questioned him about the attack, asked the names of the American officers, and dismissed him to have his wounds dressed and see after his men. The last part of the order was needless, for nearly one-half of his men had fallen.

"The British officers now returned to their peach brandy and coffee, and closed the day with a merry night.

"Slocumb and his companions passed rapidly around the plantation and returned to the ground where the encounter had taken place, collecting on the way the stragglers of their troop.

"Slocumb raised a company of two hundred

men, and with them thoroughly harassed the rear of the royal army on its march until it crossed the Roanoke, when he hastened to join Lafayette at Warrenton."

XXII.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S APPOINTMENT.

"THE army was assembled at Cambridge, Massachusetts, under General Ward, and Congress was sitting at Philadelphia. Every day new applications in behalf of the army arrived. The country were urgent that Congress should legalize the raising of the army, as they had what must be considered, and was in law considered, only a mob—a band of armed rebels. The country was placed in circumstances of a peculiar difficulty and danger. The struggle had begun, and yet everything was without order. The great trial now seemed to be in this question, Who shall be the commander-in-chief? It was exceedingly important, and was felt to be the hinge on which the contest might turn for or against us. The southern and the middle States, warm and rapid in their zeal, were for the most part jealous of New England, because they felt that the real physical force was there. What then was to be done? All New Eng-

land adored General Ward: he had been in the French war, and went out laden with laurels. He was a scholar and a statesman. Every qualification seemed to cluster in him, and it was confidently believed that the army could not receive any appointment over him. What then was to be done? Difficulties thickened at every step. The struggle was to be long and bloody. Without union all was lost. The country, and the whole country, must come in. One pulsation must beat through all hearts. The cause was one and the army must be one. The members had talked, debated, considered and guessed, and yet the decisive step had not been taken. At length Mr. Adams came to his conclusion. The means of resolving it were somewhat singular, and nearly as follows: He was walking one morning before Congress Hall, apparently in deep thought, when his cousin, Samuel Adams, came up to him and said—

'What is the topic with you this morning?'

"'Oh! the army, the army!' he replied. 'I'm determined to go into the Hall this morning, and enter on a full detail of the state of the colonies, in order to show an absolute need of taking some decisive steps. My whole aim will be to induce Congress to appoint a day for adopting the army as the legal army of these united colonies of North America, and

then to hint at my election of a commander-in-chief.'

"'Well,' said Samuel Adams, 'I like that, Cousin John; but on whom have you fixed as that commander?'

"'I will tell you—George Washington, of Virginia, a member of this House.'

"'Oh!' replied Samuel Adams, quickly, 'that will never do—never.'

"'It must do—it *shall* do,' said John, 'and for these reasons: The southern and middle States are both to enter heartily in the cause, and their arguments are potent; they say that New England holds the physical power in her hands, and they fear the result. A New England army, a New England commander, with New England perseverance, all united, appall them. For this cause they hang back. Now, the only course is to allay their fears, and give them nothing to complain of, and this can be done in no other way but by appointing a southern chief over this force, and then all rush to the standard. The policy will blend us in one mass, and that mass will be resistless.'

"At this Samuel Adams seemed to be greatly moved. They talked over the preliminary circumstances, and John asked his cousin to second the motion. Mr. Adams went in, took the floor, and

put forth all his strength in the delineations he had prepared, all aiming at the adoption of the army. He was ready to own the army, appoint a commander, vote supplies and proceed to business. After his speech had been finished, some objected and some feared. His warmth increased with the occasion, and to all these doubts and hesitations he replied thus:

"'Gentlemen, if this Congress will not adopt this army before ten moons have set, New England will adopt it, and she will undertake the struggle alone; yes, with a strong arm and a clean conscience she will front the foe single-handed.'

"This had the desired effect. They saw New England was neither playing nor to be played with, and they agreed to appoint a day. A day was fixed; it came; Mr. Adams went in, took the floor, urged the measure, and after some debate it passed.

"The next thing was to get a commander for this army, with supplies, etc. All looked to Mr. Adams on the occasion, and he was ready. He then took the floor, and went into a minute delineation of the character of General Ward, bestowing on him the encomiums which then belonged to no one else. At the end of the eulogy, he said: 'But this is not the man I have chosen.' He then went into the delineation of the character of a commander-in-chief, such

as was required by the peculiar situation of the colonies at that juncture. And after he had presented the qualifications in his strongest language, and given the reasons for the nomination he was about to make, he said:

"'Gentlemen, I know these qualifications are high, but we all know they are needful at this crisis in this chief. Does any one say they are not to be obtained in this country? In reply, I have to say, they are; they reside in one of our own body, and he is the person whom I now nominate—GEORGE WASHINGTON, OF VIRGINIA.'

"Washington, who sat on Mr. Adams' right hand, was looking him intently in the face, to watch the name he was about to announce, and, not expecting it would be his, sprang from his seat the minute he heard it, and rushed into an adjoining room. Mr. Adams had asked his cousin Samuel to ask for an adjournment as soon as the nomination was made, in order to give the members time to deliberate, and the result is before the world.

"I asked Mr. Adams, among other questions, the following:

"'Did you ever doubt of the success of the conflict?'

"'No, no,' said he; 'not for a moment. I expected to be hung and quartered, if I was caught;

but no matter for that, my country would be free; I knew George the Third could not forge chains long enough and strong enough to reach round these United States.' "

XXIIᵀ.

ADVENTURES OF GENERAL PUTNAM.

At one time, when General Putnam had command of the army in New York, he was visiting his outposts at West Greenwich, when Governor Tryon, with a corps of fifteen hundred men, was on a march against it. Putnam had with him only one hundred and fifty men, with two pieces of artillery; with them he took his station on the brow of a steep declivity, near the meeting-house. The road turned to the north, just before it reached the edge of the steep; after proceeding in this direction for a considerable distance, it inclined to the south, rendering the descent gradually and tolerably safe. As the British advanced, they were received with a sharp fire from the artillery; but perceiving the dragoons about to charge, Putnam ordered his men to retire to a swamp inaccessible to cavalry, while he himself dashed directly down the precipice, in a spot where one hundred stone steps had been cut out in the solid rock, for the accommodation of foot passen-

gers. His pursuers, who were close upon him, paused with astonishment as they reached the edge, and saw him accomplish his perilous descent, and not one of them daring to follow, they discharged their pistols after him, one bullet of which passed through his hat. This wonderful feat has done more for the name of Putnam, than almost any other act. The declivity, from this circumstance, has since borne the name of "Putnam's Hill."

Somewhere, near the time the above exploit took place, the following adventure was performed by General Putnam: The stronghold of Horse Neck, was in the possession of the British, and Putnam, with a few followers, was lurking in its vicinity, bent on driving them from the place. Tired of lying in ambush, the men became impatient, and importuned the general with questions, as to when they were going to have a bout with the foe. One morning he made a speech, something to the following effect, which convinced them that something was in the wind:

"Fellows! you've been idle too long, and so have I. I'm going to Bush's, at Horse Neck, in an hour, with a ox-team and a load of corn. If I come back, I will let you know the particulars; if I should not, let them have it!"

"Within an hour he was mounted in his ox-cart,

dressed as one of the commonest Yankee farmers, and was soon at the Bush tavern, which was in possession of the British troops. No sooner did the officers espy him, than they began to question him as to his whereabouts, and finding him a complete simpleton (as they thought), they began to quiz him, and threatened to seize his corn and fodder.

"How much do you ask for your whole concern?" asked they.

"In marcy sake, gentlemen," replied the mock clod-hopper, with the most deplorable look of entreaty, "only let me off, and you shall have my hull team and load for nothing; and if that won't dew, I'll give you my word, I'll return to-morrow, and pay you heartily for your kindness and condescension."

"Well," said they, "we'll take you at your word; leave the team and provender with us, and we won't require any bail for your appearance."

Putnam gave up the team, and sauntered about an hour or so gaining all the information that he wished; he then returned to his men, and told them of the foe, and his plan of attack.

The morning came, and with it sallied out the gallant band. The British were handled with rough hands, and when they surrendered to General Putnam, the clod-hopper sarcastically remarked, "Gen-

tlemen, I have only kept my word. I told you I would call, and pay you for your kindness and condescension."

General Putnam is known to have been decidedly opposed to duelling, on principle. It once happened that he grossly affronted a brother officer. The dispute arose at a wine table, and the officer demanded instant reparation. Putnam, being a little elevated, expressed his willingness to accommodate the gentleman with a fight; and it was stipulated that the duel should take place on the following morning, and that they should fight without seconds. At the appointed time the general went on the ground, armed with sword and pistols. On entering the field, Putnam, who had taken a stand at the opposite extremity, and at a distance of about thirty rods, levelled his musket, and fired at him. The gentleman now ran toward his antagonist, who deliberately proceeded to reload his gun.

"What are you about to do?" exclaimed he;—"is this the conduct of an American officer, and a man of honor?"

"What are you about to do?" exclaimed the general, attending only to the first question; "a pretty question to put to a man whom you intended to murder. I'm about to kill you; and if you don't beat a retreat in less time than 'twould take old

Heath to hang a Tory, you are a gone dog;" at the same time returning his ramrod to its place, and throwing the breech of his gun into the hollow of his shoulder.

This intimation was too unequivocal to be misunderstood: and our valorous duelist turned and fled for dear life.

XXIV.

ANECDOTES.

Rev. Thomas Allen was the first minister of Pittsfield. When the American Revolution commenced, he, like the great body of the clergy, ardently espoused the cause of the oppressed colonies, and bore his testimony against the oppression of the mother country. When, in anticipation of the conflict which finally took place at Bennington, the neighboring country was roused to arms, he used his influence to increase the band of patriots, by exciting his townsmen to proceed to the battle-ground. A company was raised in his parish and proceeded. Some causes, however, were found to retard their progress on the way. Hearing of the delay, he proceeded immediately to join them, and by his influence quickened their march, and soon presented them to General Stark. Learning from him that he meditated an attack on the enemy, he said he would fight, but could not willingly bear arms against them until he had invited them to sub-

mit. He was insensible to fear, and accordingly proceeded so near as to make himself distinctly heard in their camp, where, after taking a stand on a convenient eminence, he commenced his pious exhortations, urging them to lay down their arms. He was answered by a volley of musketry, which lodged their contents in the log on which he stood. Turning calmly to a friend, who had followed him under cover of the breast-work, which formed his footstool, he said: "Now give me a gun;" and that is said to be the first gun which spoke on that memorable occasion. He continued to bear his part till the battle was decided in favor of the American army, and contributed honorably to that result.

"While Enoch Crosby, the Westchester spy, was on duty in the vicinity of Teller's Point, a British sloop of war came up the river, and anchored in the stream opposite the Point. With an unconquerable predilection for stratagem, our hero immediately concocted a plot for the sole purpose, as he says, of affording 'a little sport for the soldiers.' He accordingly proceeded down the Point, accompanied by six men, all of whom, save one, concealed themselves in the woods which grow a short distance from the shore, while the other paraded the beach so as to display his uniform in so conspicuous a manner as to

attract the notice of the officers on board the vessel. The enemy swallowed the bait; and a boat was soon put off from the sloop of war, manned with eleven men, under the command of a lieutenant, to make a prisoner of one Yankee, who precipitately fled into the woods as the barge approached the shore. The Englishmen followed, threatening to shoot the fugitive unless he stopped and surrendered. As soon as the pursuers had passed his little party, which were scattered in various directions, Crosby exclaimed.

"'Come on my boys! now we have them!'

"'At this signal every man sprang up in his place, with a shout that made the welkin ring; making at the same time such a rustling in the bushes, that the British, thinking themselves surrounded by a superior force, surrendered without resistance."

In June, 1780, a party of British and Tory marauders, were attacked by a company of Whigs under Colonel Bratton, at Mobley Meetinghouse, in Fairfield District, South Carolina, and defeated. Advertised of this disaster, Colonel Turnbull, commander of a detachment of British troops at Rocky Mount, Chester County, ordered Captain Huck to proceed with his cavalry to the frontier of the pro-

vince, collecting all the royal army on his march, and if possible to subdue the rebels. An engagement soon took place between Captain Huck and Colonel Bratton; but before the battle, the colonel's wife had an opportunity to display her character in a truly heroic manner. The evening preceding, Huck arrived at the colonel's house, and entering in an uncivil manner, demanded of his wife where her husband was. She boldly replied, "He is in Sumter's army!" Huck then tried to persuade her to induce her husband to join the British, and even went so far as to promise him a commission, in case he would do so. But neither persuasion nor argument availed anything. With the firmness of a true patriot, she assured him that she would rather see him—faithful to his country—perish in Sumter's army, than clothed with any power, or graced with any honor royalty could bestow! At this point, a soldier, exasperated at her bold and fearless manner, seized a reaping-hook that hung in the piazza and threatened to kill her if she did not give particular and full information in regard to her husband. But with the weapon still at her throat, she promptly refused; and, but for the interference of the officer second in command, she would have lost her life.

One day in the middle of winter, General Greene,

when passing a sentinel who was barefooted, said: "I fear, my good fellow, you suffer much from the severe cold." "Very much," was the reply, "but I do not complain. I know I should fare better had our general the means of getting supplies. They say, however, that in a few days we shall have a fight, and then I shall take care to secure a pair of shoes."

"DURING the traitor Arnold's predatory operations in Virginia, in 1781, he took an American captain prisoner. After some general conversation, he asked the captain 'what he thought the Americans would do with him if they caught him?' The captain declined at first giving him an answer, but, upon being repeatedly urged, he said: 'Why, sir, if I must answer the question, you will excuse my telling you the truth; if my countrymen should catch you, I believe they would first cut off your lame leg, which was wounded in the cause of freedom and virtue at Quebec, and bury it with the honors of war, and afterward hang the remainder of your body on a gibbet.'"

"MARY KNIGHT was one of those devoted women who aided to relieve the horrible sufferings of Washington's army at Valley Forge, cooking and carrying provisions to them alone through the depth of

winter—even passing through the outposts of the British army in the disguise of a market-women. And when Washington was compelled to retreat before a superior force, she concealed her brother, General Worrell—when the British set a price on his head—in a cider hogshead in the cellar for three days, and fed him through the bunghole, the house being ransacked four different times by the troops in search of him without success."

MRS. CHARLES ELLIOTT, of Charleston, South Carolina, was one of those women of the Revolution who concentered nearly every thought to the interests of America. She befriended the persecuted, fed the hungry and rendered many and noble services to the patriotic cause. She had a plantation called "The Hut," and while there she once had three American gentlemen as guests. These she was obliged to hurry into a closet one day on the sudden approach of the enemy, and, opening a secret door, she showed them a narrow apartment back of the chimney, which she had contrived expressly for a hiding-place. Two of the guests entered and were saved, while the third, attempting to flee on horseback, was overtaken and slain.

DURING the struggle for Independence, Captain

Richardson, of Sumter district, South Carolina, was obliged to conceal himself for a while in the thickets of the Santee swamp. One day he ventured to visit his family—a perilous movement, for the British had offered rewards for his apprehension, and patrolling parties were almost constantly in search of him. Before his visit was ended, a small band of soldiers presented themselves in front of the house. Just as they were entering, with a great deal of composure and presence of mind, Mrs. Richardson appeared at the door, and found so much to do there at the moment, as to find it inconvenient to make room for the uninvited guests to enter. She was so calm, and appeared so unconcerned, that they did not mistrust the cause of her wonderful diligence, till her husband had rushed out of the back door and safely reached the neighboring swamp.

"When the news of a skirmish at Lexington reached Barnstable, a company of militia immediately assembled and marched off to Cambridge. In the front rank there was a young man, the son of a respectable farmer, and his only child. In marching from the village, as they passed his house, he came out to meet them. There was a momentary halt. The drum and fife paused for an instant. The father, suppressing a strong and evident emo-

tion, said: 'God be with you all, my friends! and John, if you, my son, are called into battle, take care that you behave manfully, or else let me never see your face again.' A tear started into every eye, and the march was resumed."

COLONEL JOHN SMALL was an officer in the British army, who had served in the French wars, and was the dearly valued friend of Israel Putnam. When the war broke out with the mother country, he obeyed the dictates of his prejudices, and supported the cause of the king, as he was undoubtedly bound to do by his birth and allegiance. The following incident, which occurred at Bunker Hill, he has given to the world himself. It redounds to the credit of Putnam, as well as confirms his own reputation for honor and courage. It was related to Mr. Turnbull, in London, in 1786, who at that time was engaged on a painting of the battle, and we give it in his own words: "When the British troops advanced the second time to the attack of the redoubt, I, with other officers, was in front of the line to encourage the men; we had advanced very near the works undisturbed, when an irregular fire, like a *feu de joie*, was poured in upon us; it was cruelly fatal. The troops fell back, and when I looked to the right and the left, I saw not one officer standing; I glanced

my eye to the enemy, and saw several young men levelling their pieces at me; I knew their excellence as marksmen, and considered myself gone. At this moment my old friend Putnam rushed forward, and striking up the muzzles of their pieces with his sword, cried out: 'For heaven's sake, my lads, don't fire at that man; I love him as I do my brother?' We were so near each other that I heard his words distinctly. He was obeyed; I bowed, thanked him, and walked away unmolested."

IMMEDIATELY after the victory of the British at Guilford, order was given for the illumination of Charleston, South Carolina. This order, Major Garden informs us, the wife of Thomas Heywood, of that city, refused to obey; and when an officer asked her the reason of her disobedience, she replied: "Is it possible for me, sir, to feel a spark of joy? Can I celebrate the victory of your army while my husband remains a prisoner at St. Augustine?" Enraged at her obstinacy, he told her she *should* illuminate. "Not a single light shall be placed, with my consent, on any occasion, in any window in the house," was her fearless reply. He then threatened to destroy her house before midnight. "You have power to destroy, sir," she said, "and seem well disposed to use it, but over my

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